

JANUARY

# BIG SHOT COMICS

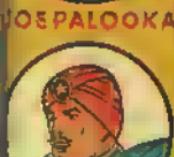
1941

No. 9

10c

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!

IN THIS ISSUE:



JOE PALOOKA  
MARVELO  
ROCKY RYAN

THE ABOVE  
FAVORITES  
AND  
MANY OTHERS!

YOU DID A GREAT  
JOB "FACE" IN  
ROUNDING UP  
THOSE CROOKS!



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!

*The*

# SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN



ACROSS THE AIRWAYS OF AMERICA, RACES THE STRANGE FIGURE OF THE SKYMAN, IN HIS ULTRA-FLEET PLANE, THE WING--MAN OF DARING, BRILLIANT SCIENTIST AND FOE OF CRIME AND CRIMINALS--HE FIGHTS ALWAYS, FOR THOSE ALLIED IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE---

THE WING ROARS HIGH OVER THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS---



INSIDE THE ROOMY CABIN--

THE CONTROLS! THEY'RE HOT! GLOWING WITH HEAT! THEY'LL WARP--UNLESS I PULL OUT OF MY LINE OF TRAVEL!



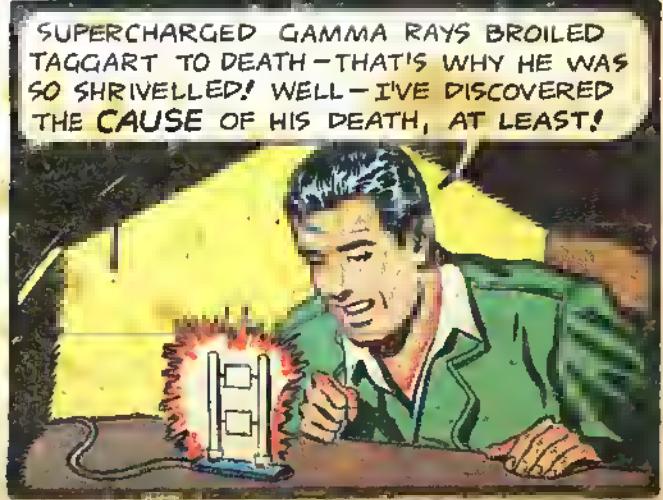
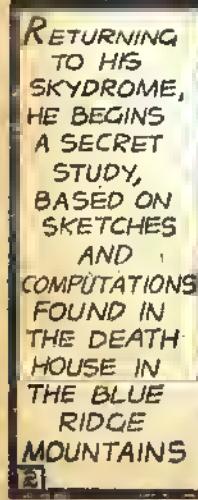
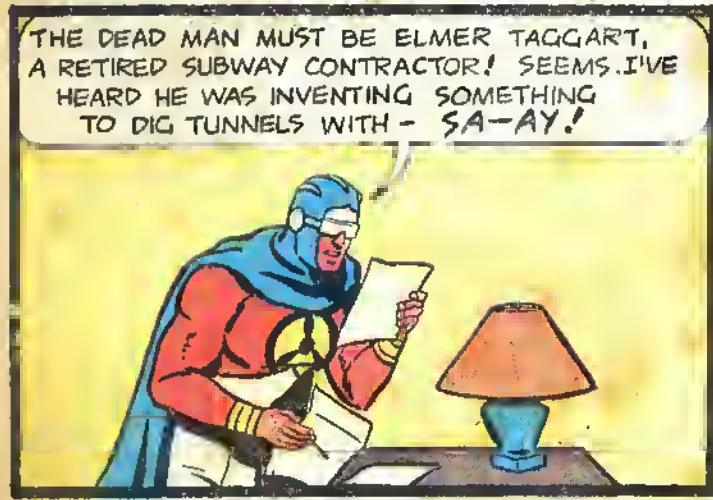
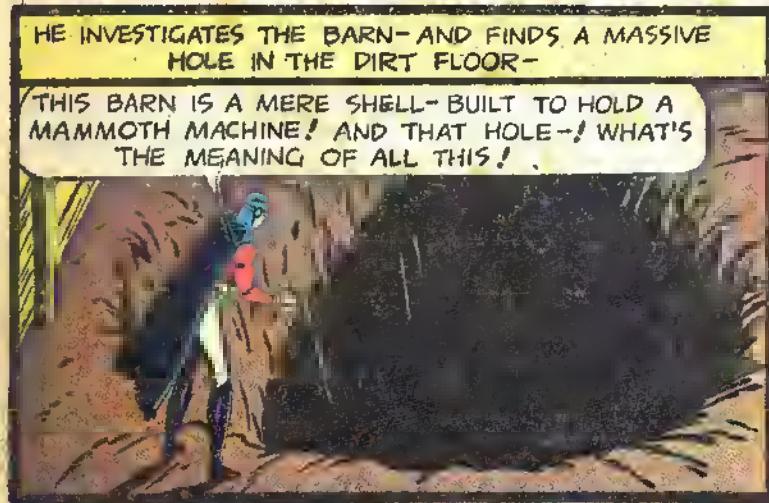
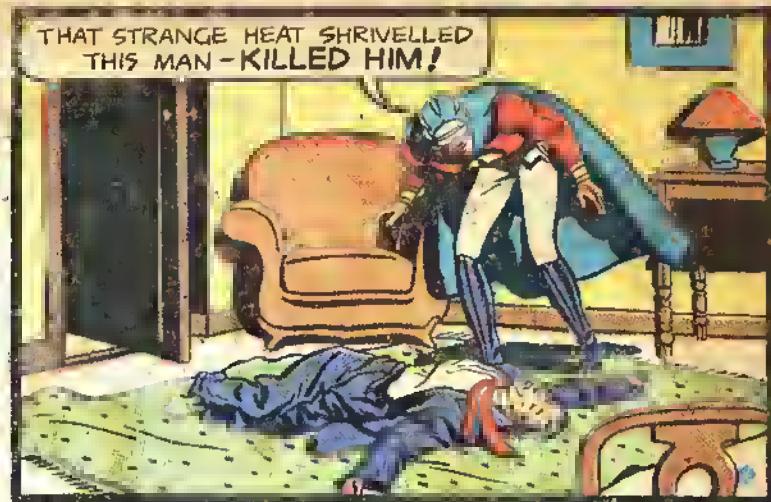
IT TOOK A THOUSAND FOOT CLIMB TO ESCAPE THAT TERRIBLE HEAT--WHATEVER IT WAS! AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT!



THE WING DIVES EARTHWARD AT 600 MILES AN HOUR--

I'LL GO SO FAST THE HEAT WON'T BOTHER ME!





MEANWHILE, A NEW YORK SUBWAY TRAIN, SPEEDS UPTOWN ----

GOOD HEAVENS! A GIGANTIC-HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SUBWAY - I CAN NOT STOP THE TRAIN --- YA-AH!



IT PLUNGES INTO A MASS OF SMOKING RUINS - WRECKED BY JUMPING THE RAILS --



IN THE REAR CAR, FAWN CARROLL ESCAPES DEATH

I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE IN THIS CATASTROPHE! IF ONLY THE SKYMAN KNEW OF THIS! HE'D DO SOMETHING ---



A BEGRIMED FIGURE STARTLES A STATION MASTER ---

WHAT'S HAPPENED ? THE POWER'S GONE DEAD! ALL TRAINS ARE STOPPED !

GOOD THING, TOO! SOMETHING CAUSED A HUGE HOLE TO APPEAR IN THE SUBWAY - DERAILED A TRAIN! HUNDREDS DEAD!



A RADIO ANNOUNCER CONFIRMS FAWN'S STORY-

IVE COMPLETED TAGGART'S INVENTION MYSELF NOW - WHAT'S THAT?

WE INTERRUPT THE BROADCAST TO ANNOUNCE A SUBWAY TRAGEDY, IN WHICH HUNDREDS OF LIVES WERE LOST ---

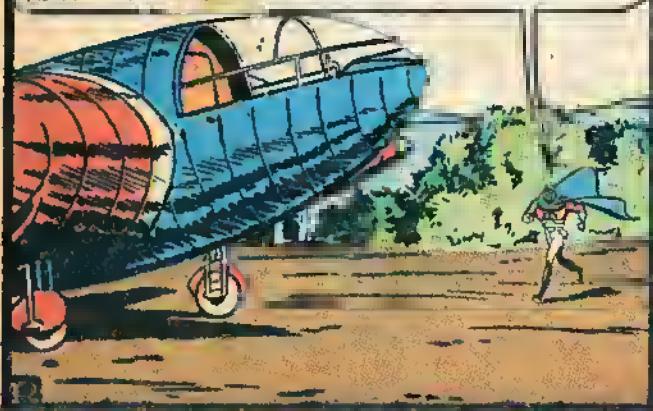


THIS CALLS FOR THE SKYMAN!

-- HUGE HOLE APPEARED IN THE TUNNEL WALLS AND THE DESTROYED TRACKS DERAILED THE TRAIN! ONLY SURVIVOR IS FAWN CARROLL!



FAWN CARROLL! SHE MANAGES TO BE IN ON ALL THE EXCITEMENT! I'LL DROP OVER FOR HER - THEN GO AFTER THESE KILLERS!



IN THE MIDST OF TRAFFIC, A POWERFUL FIGURE DROPS DOWN AND CARRIES FAWN AWAY-





IT WORKS BY ATOMIC ENERGY-EXPLOSION OF URANIUM ATOMS, BY GAMMA RAYS DISCHARGED BY ELECTRONIC TUBES - WANT TO SEE IT WORK?

YES - BUT HOW WILL THIS HELP YOU GET HANNERS?

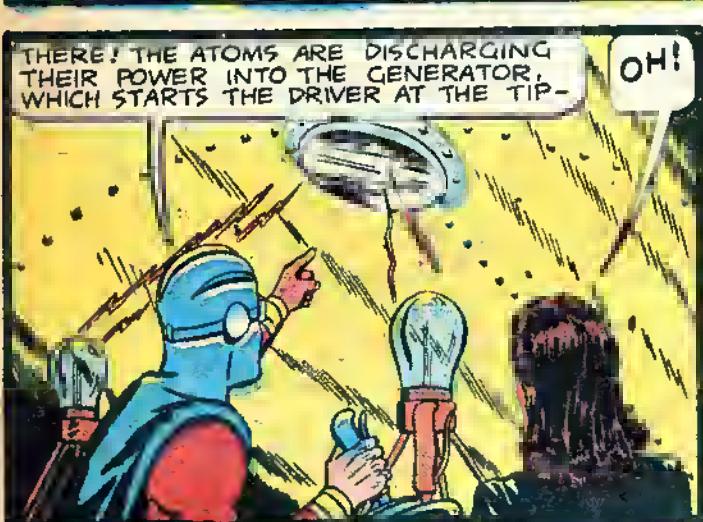


I CAN GO AFTER HANNERS IN THIS - AFTER I LOCATE HIM! AND THEN I'LL TURN IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT, FOR USE IN BUILDING SUBWAYS OR TUNNELS!



THERE! THE ATOMS ARE DISCHARGING THEIR POWER INTO THE GENERATOR, WHICH STARTS THE DRIVER AT THE TIP-

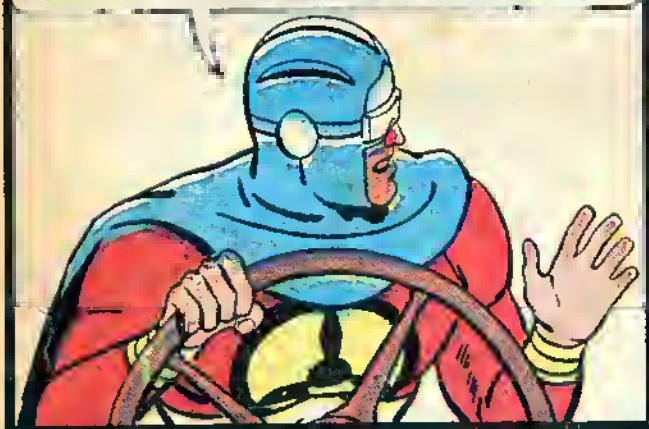
OH!



THE BORER LURCHES SUDDENLY - AND DIGS INTO THE GROUND---



IT STARTED WHEN I THREW ON THE CURRENT! WE'LL TURN IT AROUND AND -- LISTEN!



THE SKYMAN HEARS THE DRILL WHIRRING ABOUT IN SPACE---



THE DRILL IS WHIRLING IN AIR - THAT MEANS WE'VE CUT ACROSS THE TUNNEL OF TAGGART'S BORER - AND HE'S HEADING FOR THE SUBWAY'S POWER PLANTS NEAR HERE!



HE'S GOING TO PLANT UNDERGROUND BOMBS! - ONLY HOPE WE'RE IN TIME TO STOP HIM!



THE SKYMAN'S BORER MAKES SWIFT TIME, IN THE TUNNEL ALREADY DUG FOR IT!



THAT SOUND OF METAL SCRAPING AGAINST METAL! WE'VE REACHED THE OTHER BORER!

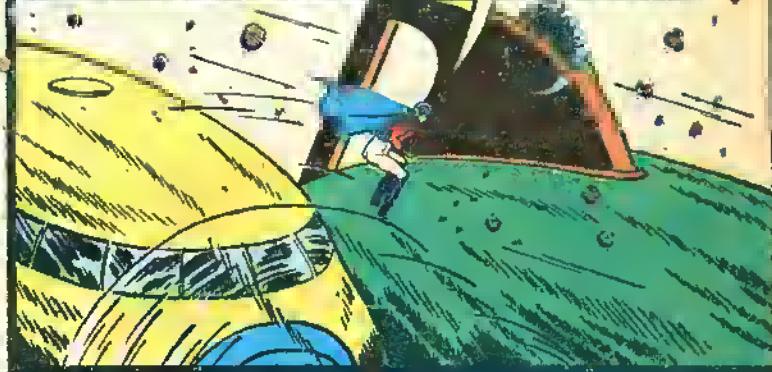


I'VE GOT TO GET IN THERE BEFORE THEY GET SET TO PLANT THOSE BOMBS!



IN THE FACE OF FLYING DIRT AND ROCK, THE SKYMAN LEAPS---

I'D RATHER BE IN THE WING - IN GOOD, CLEAN AIR - THAN UNDER HERE, SWALLOWING DIRT!



PHEW! THIS DIRT IS AWFUL! I'LL HAVE TO STEP ON IT-OR IT'LL DRIVE ME OFF-AND INTO THE DRILL OF MY OWN BORER!



A HAND SLIPS - THE FLYING DIRT FORCES HIM BACKWARDS --

IF I FALL INTO MY DRILL - I'LL BE CHOPPED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!



IN THE TAGGART BORER ---

DO YOU HEAR THAT? A DRILL - FOLLOWING US?

YEAH! STOP THE BORER AND LISTEN!



THE BORER STOPS - THE SKYMAN TOPPLES FOR THE WHIRLING DRILL OF HIS MACHINE ---

THIS - IS THE END!



BUT FAWN, DRIVING THE BORER - HEARS HER DRILL BITE INTO METAL - AND STOPS HER ENGINES

I GUESS THE SKYMAN REACHED THE BORER - IT HAS SUDDENLY STOPPED!

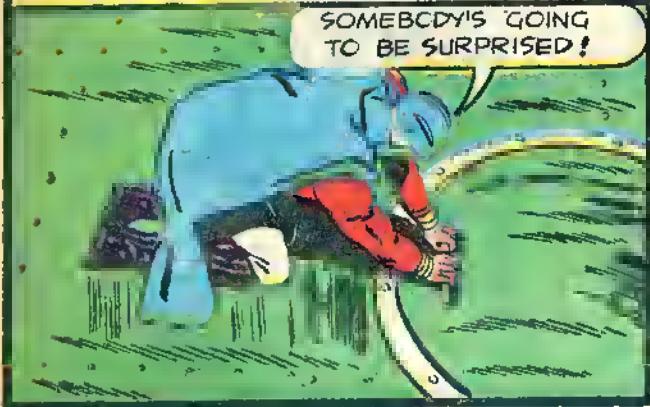


THE SKYMAN CLINGS TO A SHARP DRILL-EDGE, THAT IF IT HAD BEEN MOVING - WOULD HAVE SLICED HIM IN TWO---



UNIMPEDED BY THE FLOW OF DIRT AND ROCKS, HE REACHES THE DOOR OF THE OTHER BORER ---

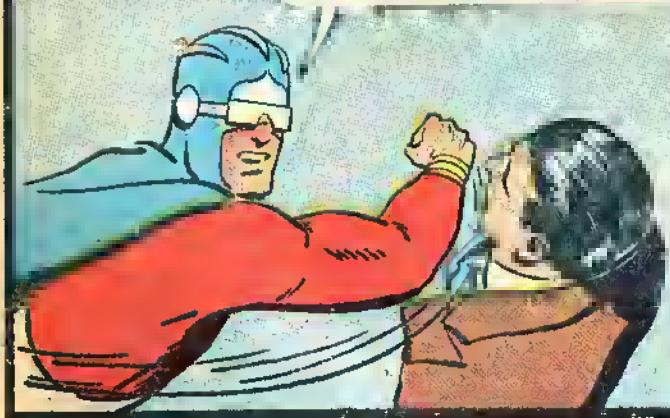
SOMEBCDY'S GOING TO BE SURPRISED!



GREETINGS FOLKS! WHAT TH- WHO'S HE?



I'VE NEVER FOUGHT SO FAR UNDERGROUND---



-- BUT I GUESS IT'S JUST ABOUT THE SAME!



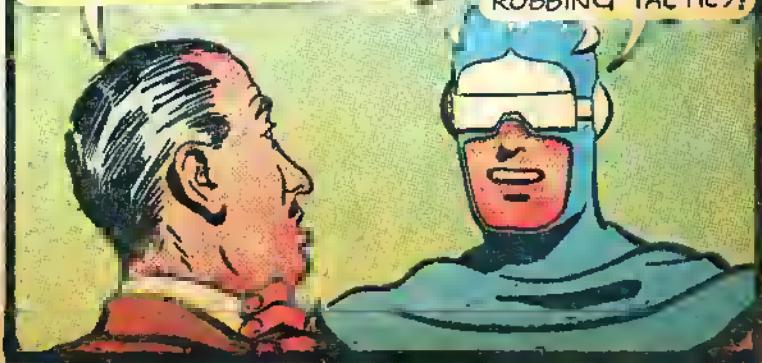
SPEAK! WHERE'S HANNERS? WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT HERE-?

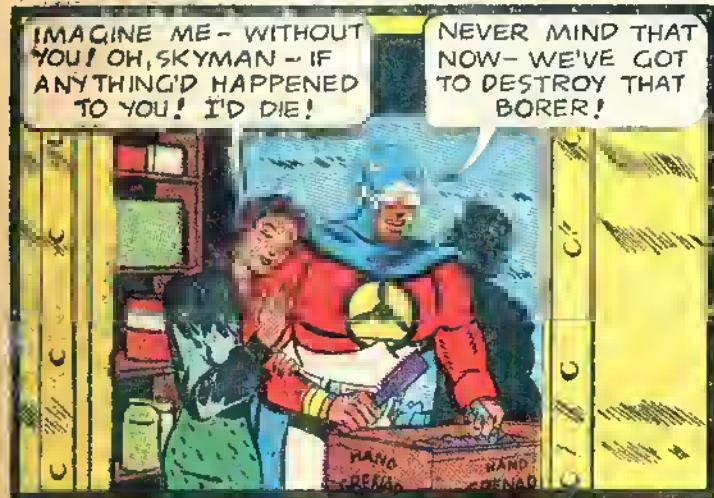
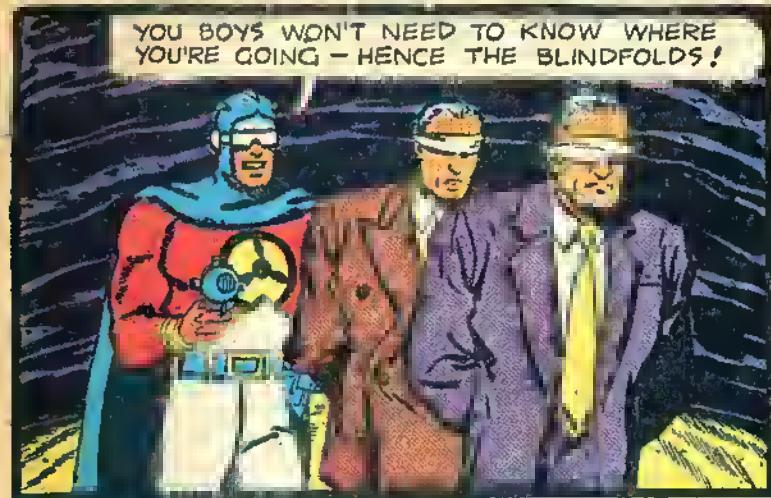
DON'T HIT ME AGAIN - I'LL TELL!



HANNERS BUILT TWO MORE OF THESE BORERS, FROM PLANS HE STOLE FROM TAGGART! WE WERE GOING AFTER THE POWER PLANT TO DESTROY IT-

AND MAKE MORE TROUBLE FOR THE SUBWAY THAT WOULDN'T STAND FOR HANNERS' ROBBING TACTICS!





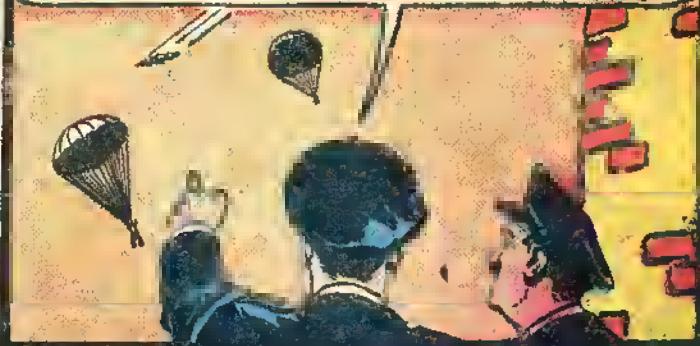
DRIVING THE BORER BACK TO THE SKYDROME,  
THE SKYMAN PREPARES FOR THE CLIMAX--

THE MEN ON THE WING - ALL WE HAVE DO IS  
DROP 'EM OFF - THEN GO AFTER THE OTHERS!



PARACHUTES CARRY THE WOULD-BE POWER  
PLANT EXPLORERS TO JUSTICE

HERE COME A COUPLE MORE CROOKS - AND  
THERE GOES THE SKYMAN! WHAT A GUY!



WHEN WE'RE OVER THE SPOT WHERE THAT  
ATOMIC-DRIVE BORER IS - THE ELECTRON  
TUBE WILL GLOW - AND THE METAL  
PLATE TURN RED!

I'LL  
WATCH  
IT!



AN HOUR LATER - OVER SUBURBAN NEW JERSEY -  
LOOK! LOOK! THE TUBE GLOWS! THE BORER  
- IS SOMEWHERE BENEATH US!



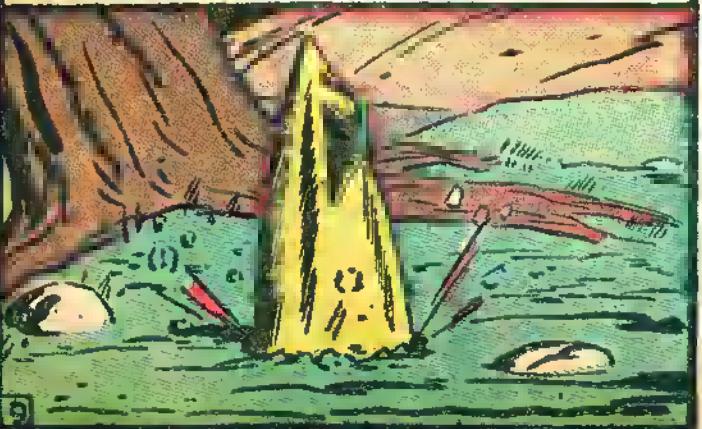
THIS MODEL BORER IS FITTED WITH T.N.T.  
WHEN I RELEASE IT - IT'LL DIG UNTIL IT  
MEETS THE BIG BORER - THEN - BLAM!



I'M OVER THE SPOT -  
LET 'ER GO, SKYMAN!



THE BORER HITS EARTH AND  
STARTS TO DIG FURIOUSLY ---



AN INSTANT LATER, THERE IS A MUZZLED  
UNDERGROUND EXPLOSION -

THAT'S THE LAST OF  
THAT BORER!



WE KNOW WHERE TO GO TO GET HANNERS! THOSE MEN WE CAPTURED TOLD US WE'D LOCATE HIM AT HIS LABORATORY!

I HOPE THE THIRD AND LAST BORER IS THERE!



LOOK - THERE'S THE PLACE!

AND HOW DO YOU INTEND TO "GET" HIM?



HOW! BY DIRECT ATTACK, OF COURSE! THAT ALWAYS SUCCEEDS!

I HOPE SO!



IN THE HANNERS' WORKSHOPS --

WE'RE WINNING! WHEN THOSE TWO BORERS I DISPATCHED, WRECK THEIR POWER PLANTS - THEY'LL TALK TURKEY! I'LL GET ALL I WANT FROM THE SUBWAY COMPANIES!



THIS IS A GREAT THING YOU GOT IN THIS BORER-

IT IS AND I INTEND -WHAT TH-



THROUGH THE GLASS ROOF HURLES A FLYING FIGURE --

YOU FORGOT TO INCLUDE ME IN YOUR INTENTIONS, HANNERS! WHO... WHO'RE YOU



THE SKYMAN, GENTLEMEN! AT YOUR SERVICE!

OW!

OUCH!



YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, HANNERS!

OH NO? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



AS HE FLEES, HANNERS PULLS A LEVER-

I'LL BAKE HIM - AS I  
BAKED TAGGART!

BUT THE SKYMAN - A SCIENTIFIC WIZARD -  
SEES THE DANGER SIGNAL - - -

ELECTRONIC TUBES - DISCHARGE  
TERRIFIC HEAT RAY - BURN MAN ALIVE!

HE MEETS THE GAMMA RAYS, WITH THE  
RAY FROM HIS STASIMATIC - - -

THAT OUGHT TO HOLD THE HEAT  
RAY LONG ENOUGH - - -

--FOR ME TO  
GET HANNERS!

NO!  
NO!



I KNOW YOU KILLED TAGGART, AFTER  
FOOLING HIM INTO TALKING ABOUT ELECTRON  
TUBES! YOU SET UP YOUR APPARATUS  
AND THREW HIM INTO IT! YOU STOLE  
HIS BORER - AND USED IT TO GET REVENGE  
ON THE SUBWAY COMPANY!

LATER - IN THE WING, HOMeward BOUND WITH  
HIS CAPTIVE - - -

BUT HOW CAN YOU  
BE SO SURE IT WAS  
SANDY HANNERS?

BECAUSE I FOUND A  
SANDY-COLOURED HAIR  
BENEATH TAGGART'S BODY  
- AND IT WAS ONE OF  
HANNERS'!



**BOYS! GIRLS!** WRITE IN TO THE SKYMAN!  
HE'S MORE THAN ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM YOU - SO  
TELL HIM HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY READING HIS  
ADVENTURES, WHAT IS IT THAT YOU PARTICULARLY  
LIKE ABOUT HIM, AND SUGGEST NEW AND UNUSUAL  
THINGS FOR HIM TO DO! REMEMBER, THE SKYMAN  
IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS FANS!

address  
your  
letters  
to -

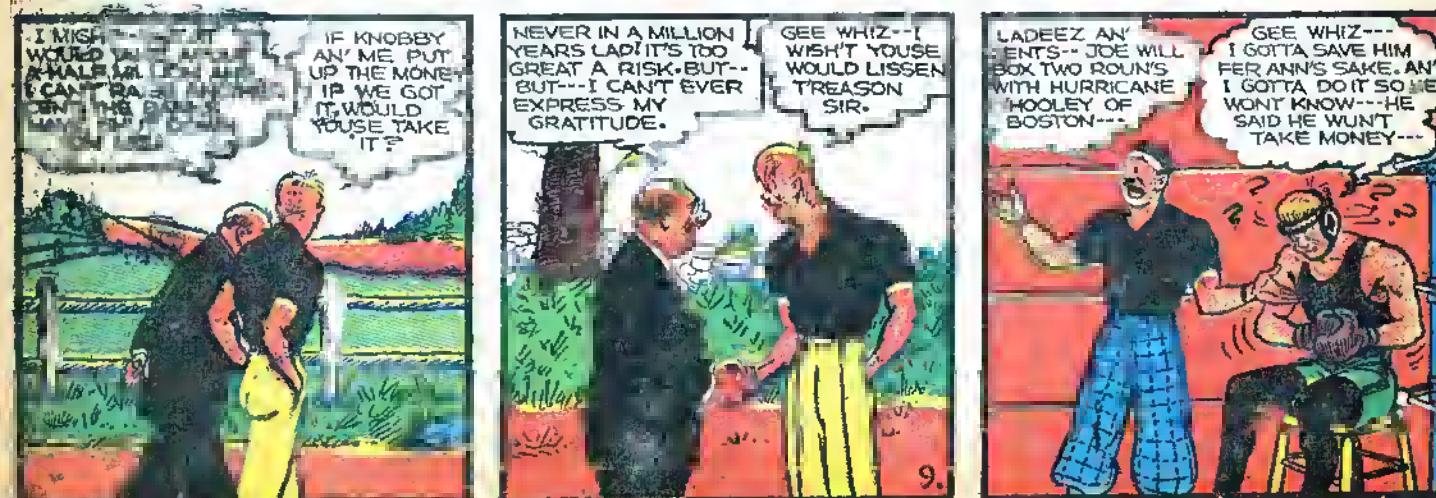
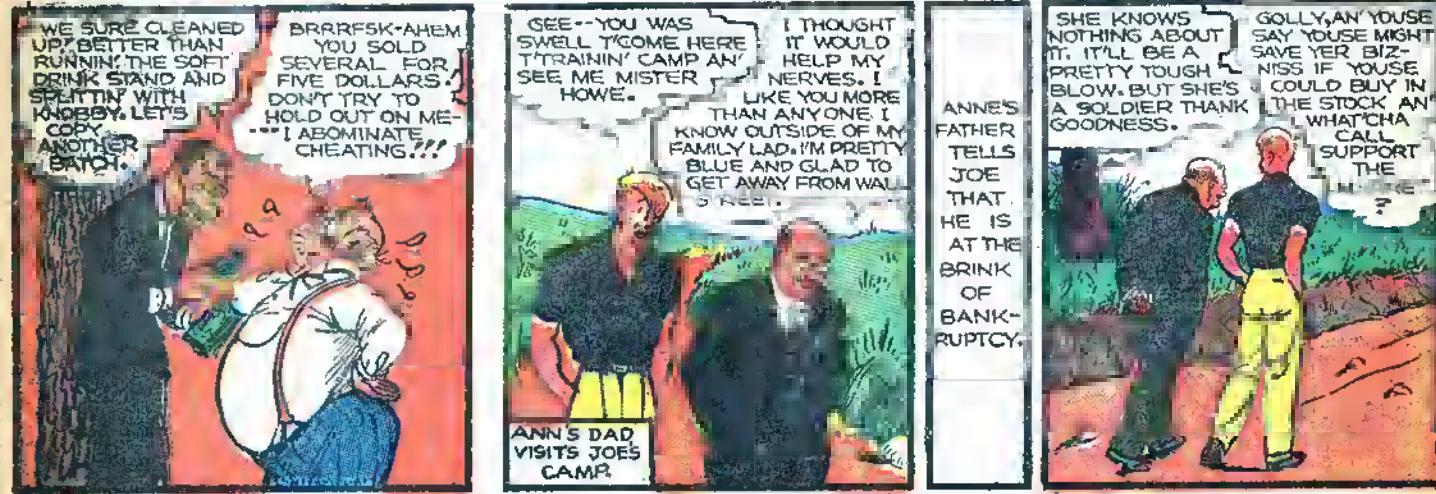
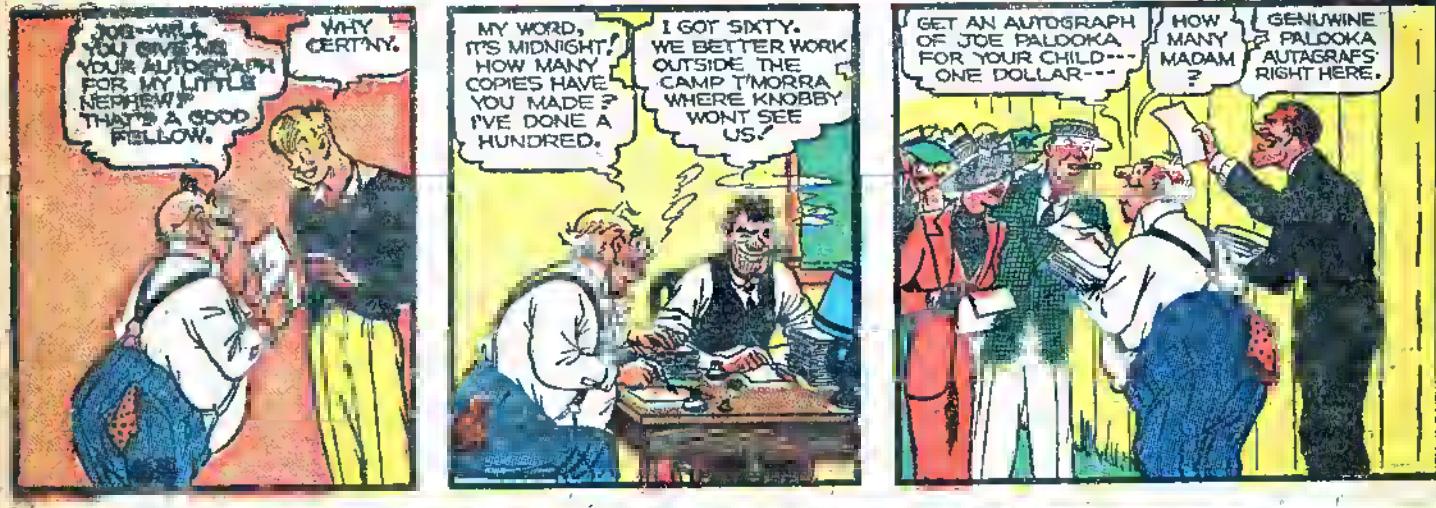
THE SKYMAN  
COLUMBIA COMIC CORP.,  
369 LEXINGTON AVENUE,  
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

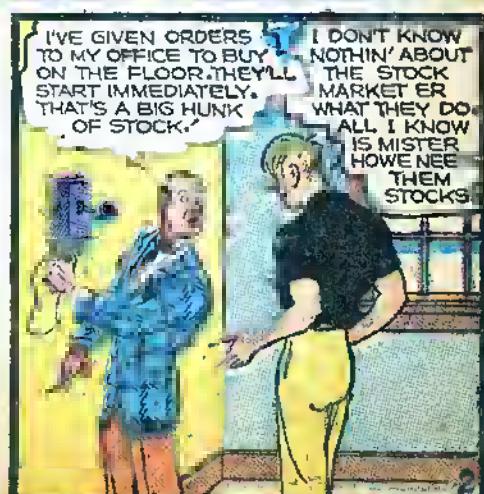
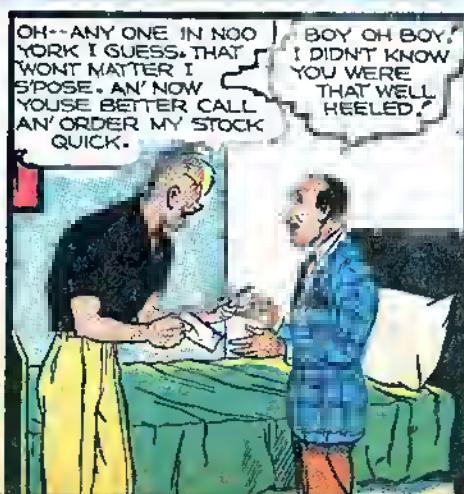
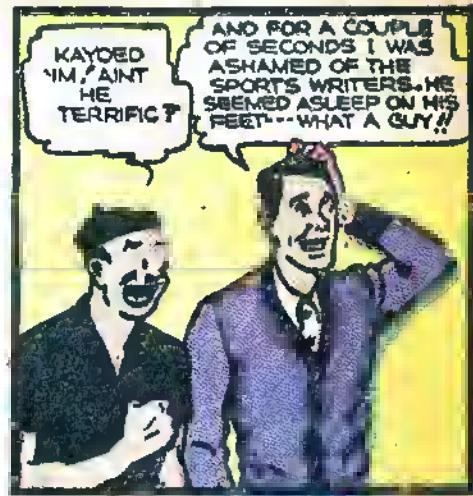


# JOE PALOOKA

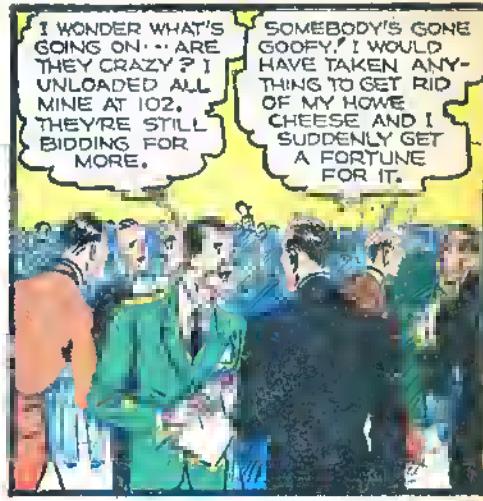
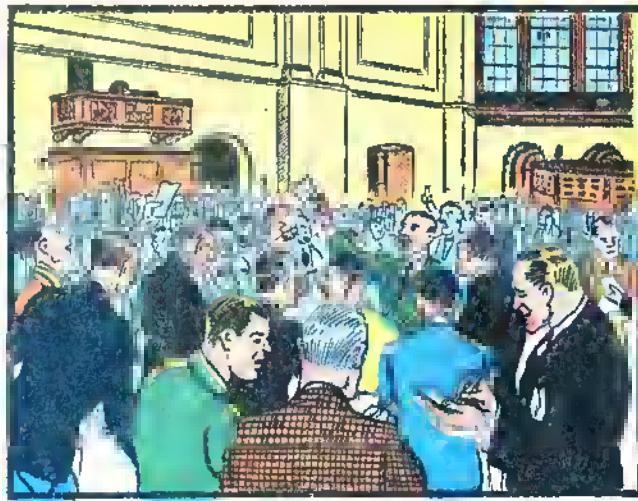
By HAM FISHER

JOE IS TRAINING FOR HIS FIGHT WITH BUDDY PETERS, THE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION... MANY STRANGERS VISIT HIS CAMP, INCLUDING ONE "CONGRESSMAN" WEIDEBOTTOM, WHO IS APPROACHING JOE...





A SUDDEN WAVE OF BUYING SETS THE STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR IN A FUJURY OF EXCITEMENT. MEMBERS RUSH TO A POST WHERE A MAD SCRAMBLE OF SELLING OF HOWE CHEESE SHARES IS TAKING PLACE. AND STILL PAUL'S PARTNER BIDS FOR MORE AT A PRICE OF 100%.



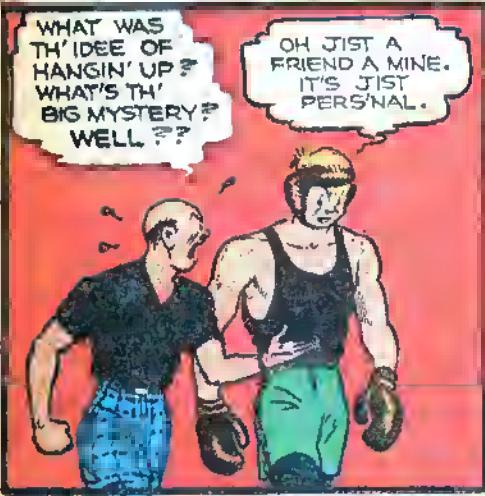
KIN I BOX A EXTRY ROUND RAY ? I FEEL MARY'LESS.

I GUESS IT WOULDNT HURT. WHAT ARE YA SMILIN' ABOUT? YOU GOT A GRIN LIKE THE GRAND CANYON.



WHAT WAS TH' IDEE OF HANGIN' UP? WHAT'S TH' BIG MYSTERY? WELL??

OH JIST A FRIEND A MINE. IT'S JIST PERSONAL.



WHATTA YA MEAN HE LEFT TH' BIG BAG TIGO TO TH' PHONE??

HE SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT BOSS.



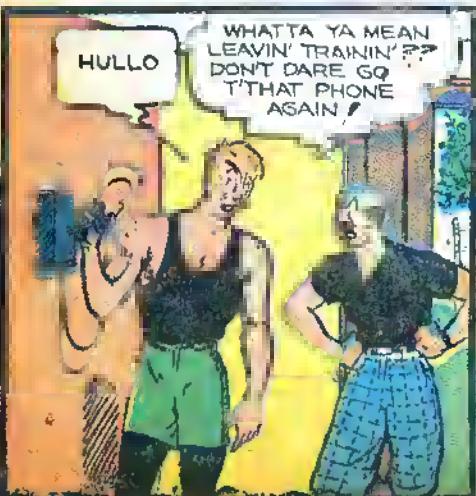
BUT, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND JOE! THE STOCK HAS GONE OFF TEN POINTS, THE OTHER GROUP ARE THROWING STOCK IN AND NO BIDS.

AS LONG AS I GOT WHAT I WANTED I DON'T CARE WHAT NOBUDDY'S DOIN'---



HULLO

WHATTA YA MEAN LEAVIN' TRAININ'?? DON'T DARE GO T'THAT PHONE AGAIN!



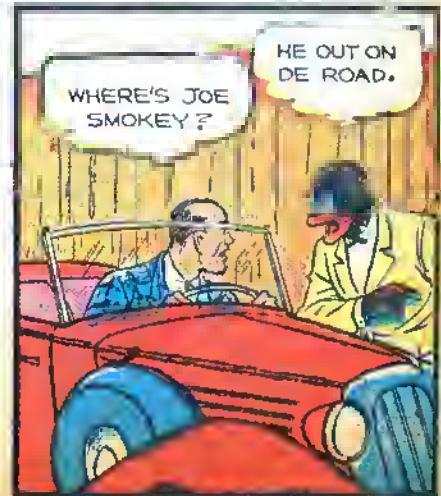
HELLO--HELLO-- I SAID I'VE GOT TO TALK TO JOE AGAIN. TELL HIM IT'S PAUL AND HURRY MAN--HURRY!!

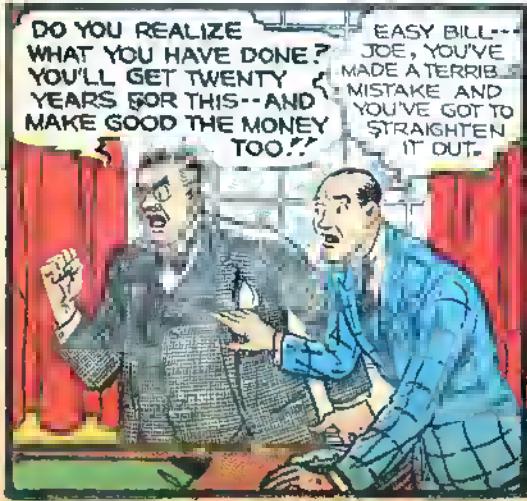
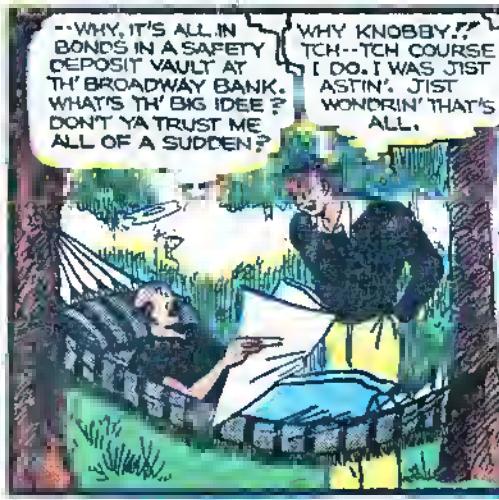
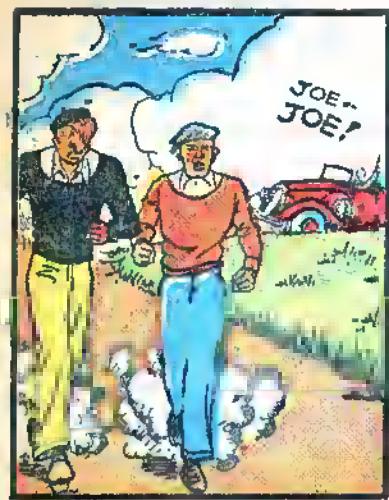
MISTAH KNOBBY DONE SAID AH AINT TICALL HIM NO MO--- AN' AH AINT-- G'BYE.

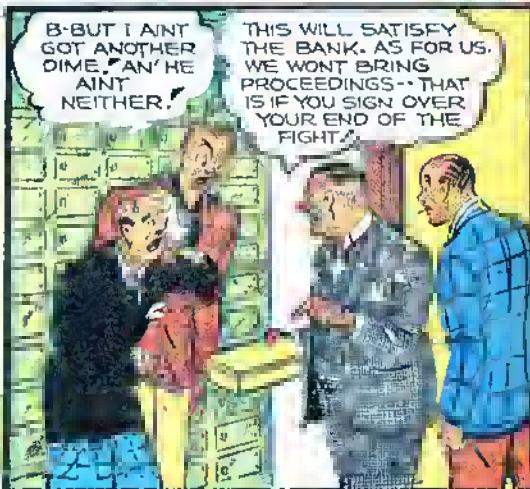
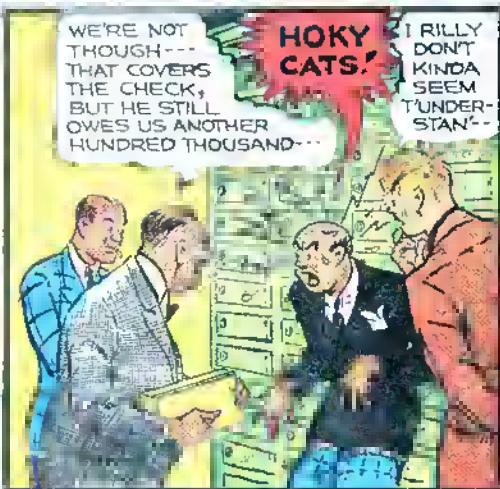
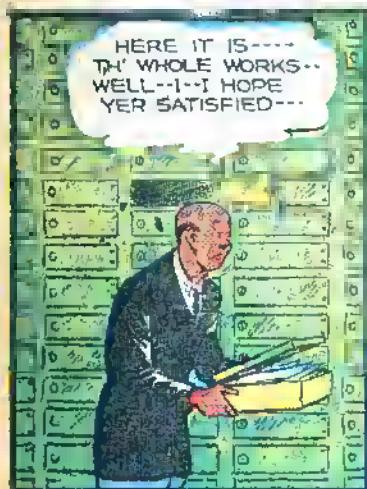
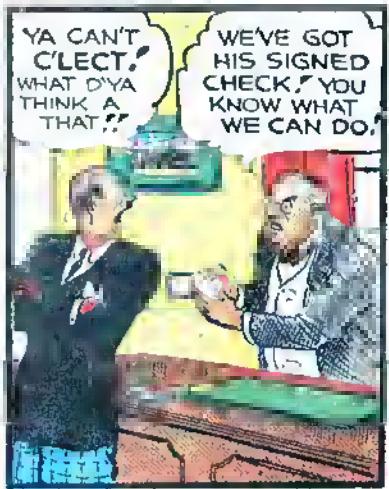
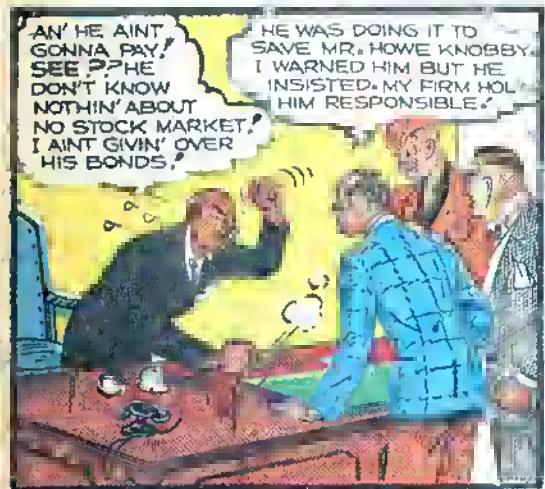
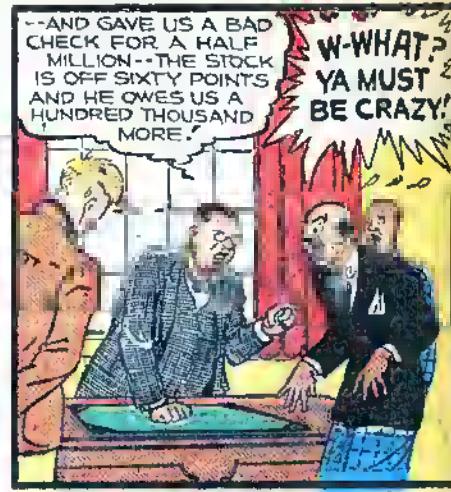
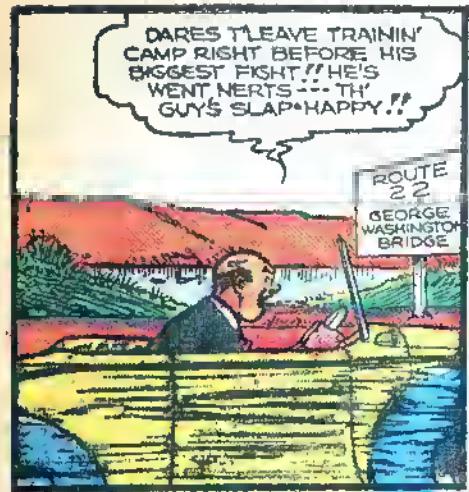


HE OUT ON DE ROAD.

WHERE'S JOE SMOKEY?

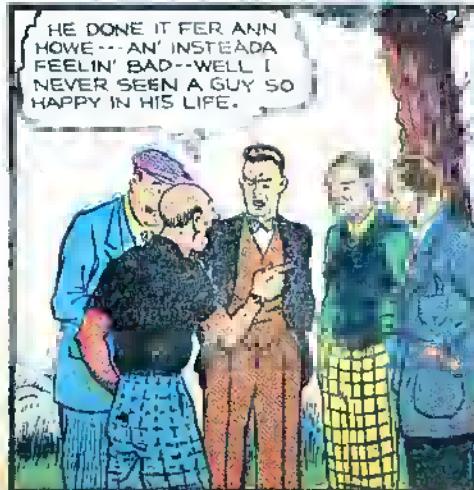
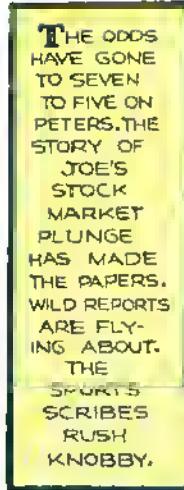
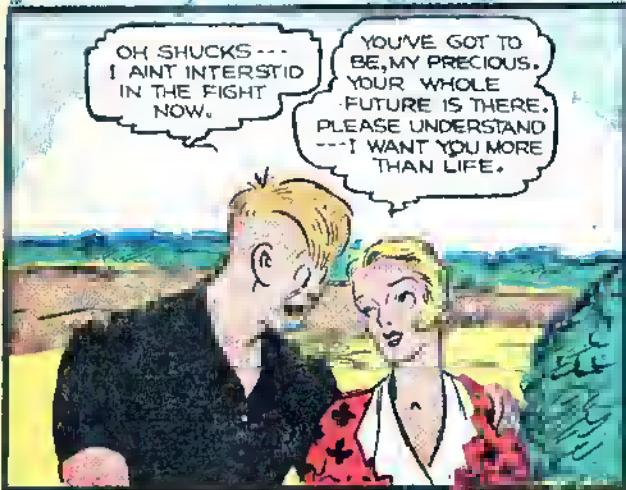
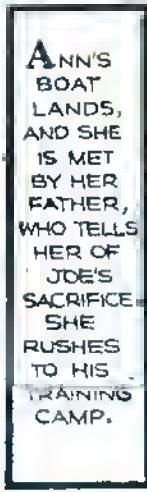
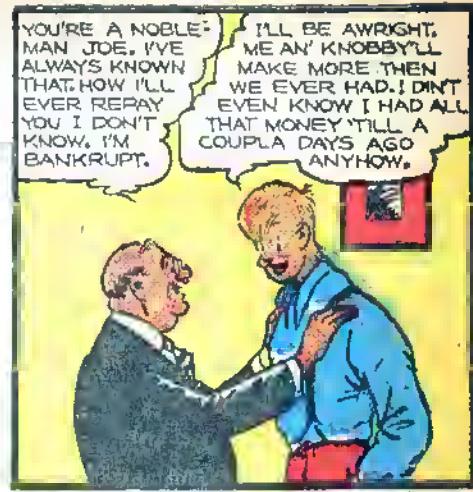
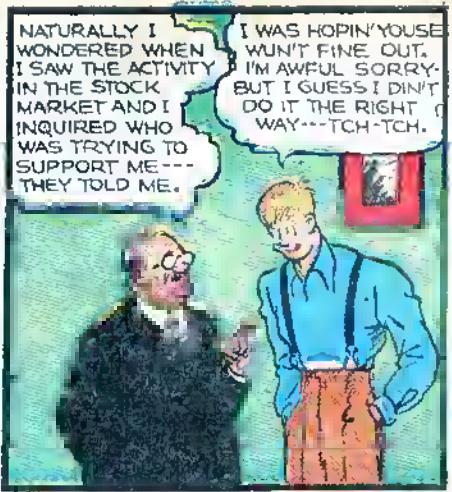






LAWYERS ARE CALLED IN AND KNOBBY AND JOEIGN OVER THEIR END OF THE FIGHT PROCEEDS, AND LEAVE THE BROKER'S OFFICE.





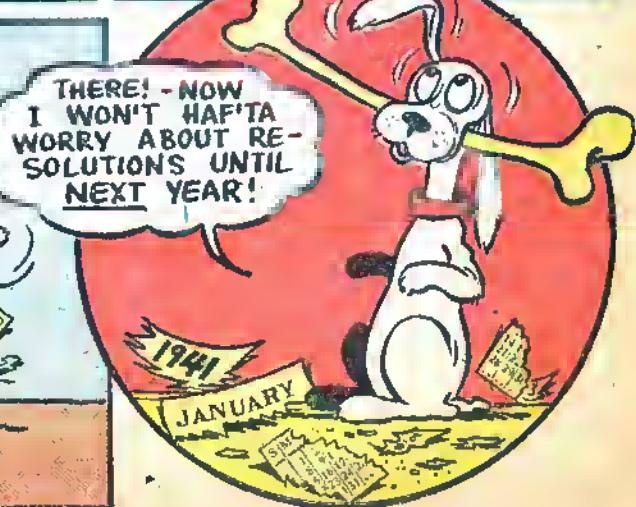
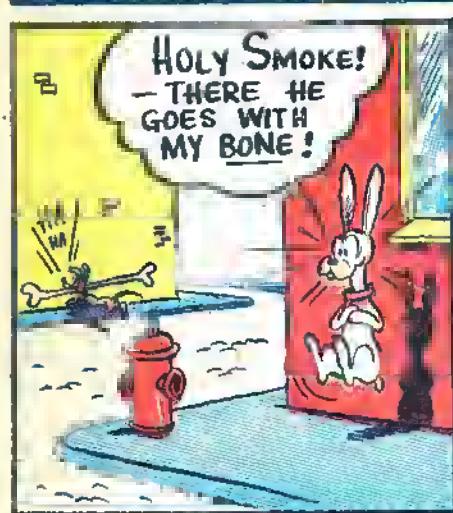
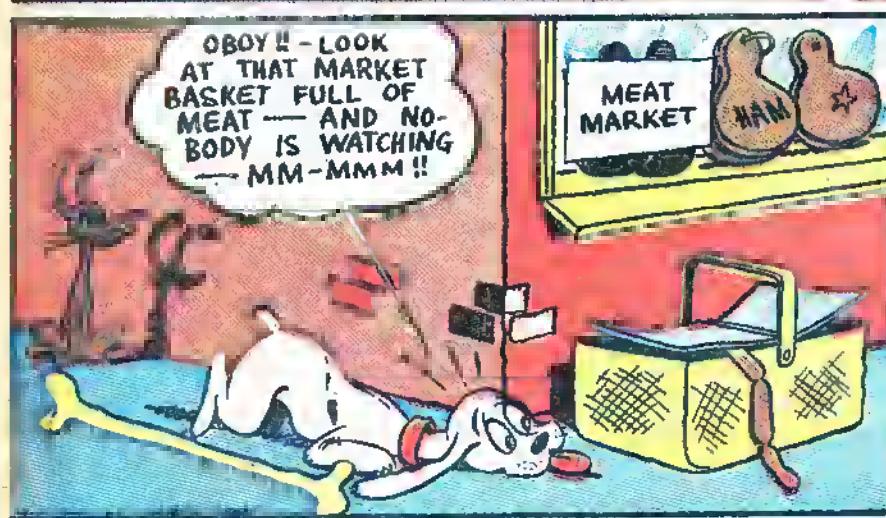
1941 JANUARY 1941

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

# MIKE

the mascot





# TOM KERRY

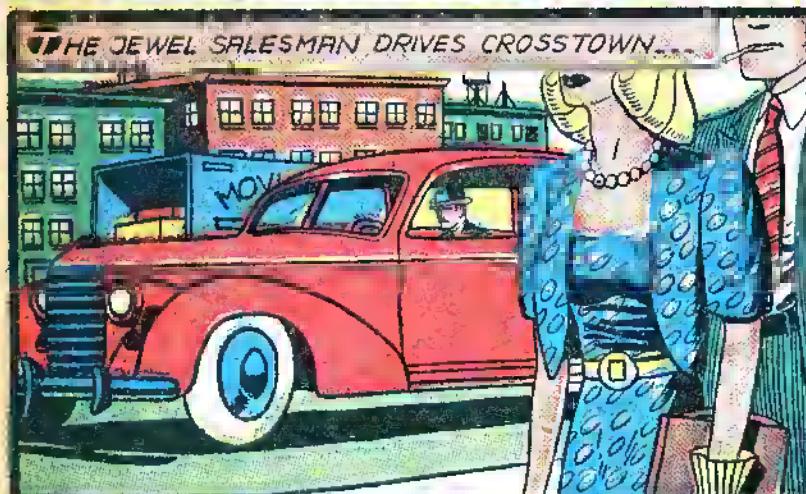
## DISTRICT ATTORNEY

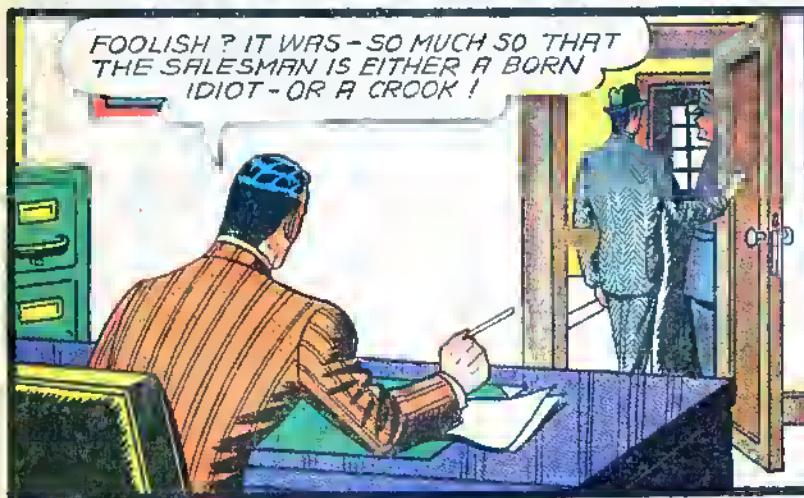
BY GENE BAXTER

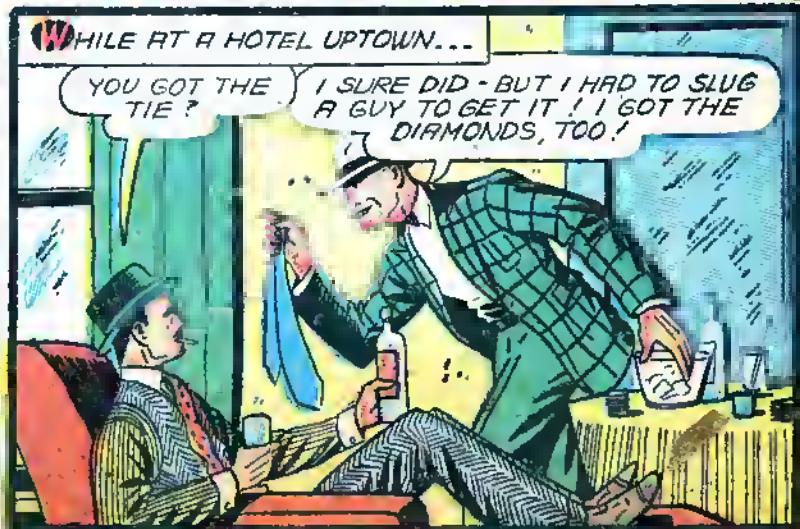
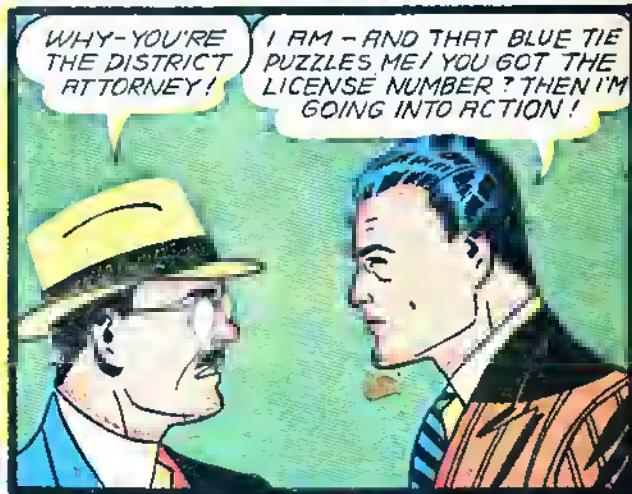
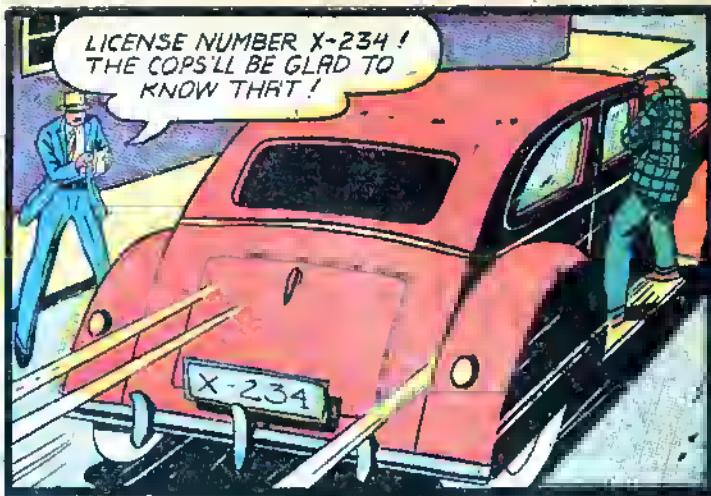
ON THE OFFICE OF THE METRO JEWEL COMPANY...

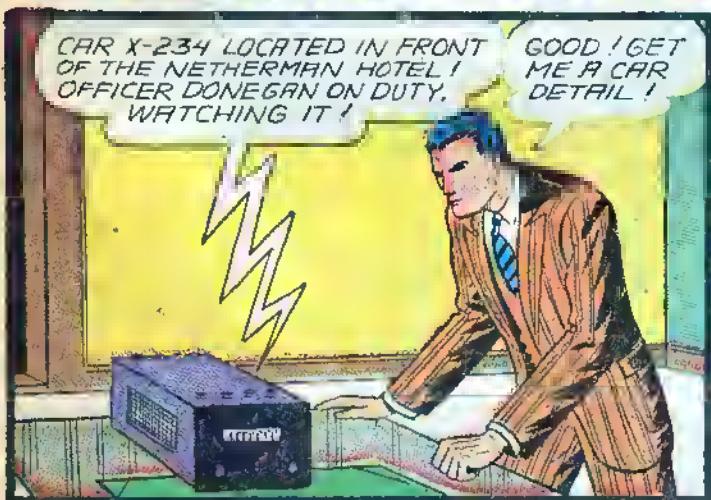
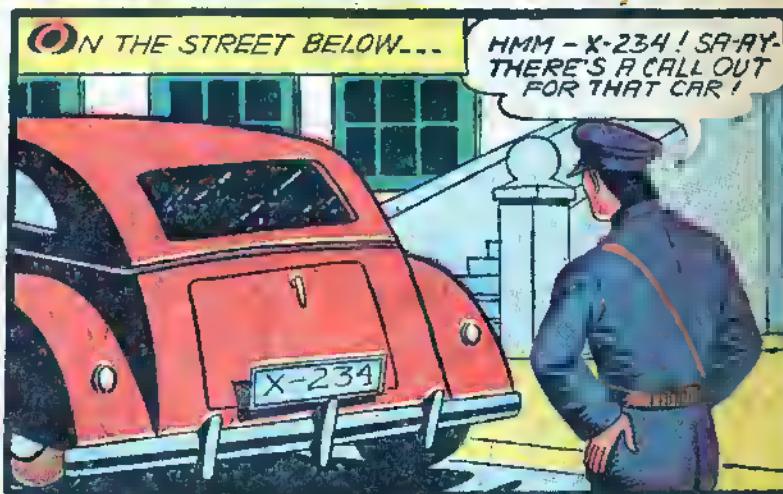
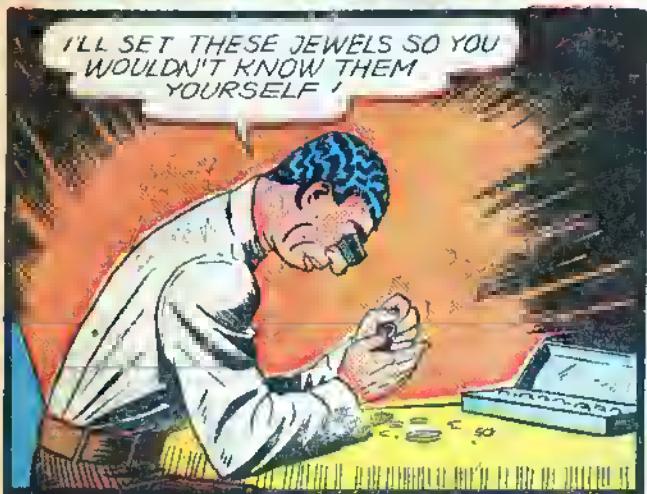
HERE ARE THE DIAMONDS, TRAVIS. YOU KNOW THEY ARE PRICELESS. BE CAREFUL OF THEM!

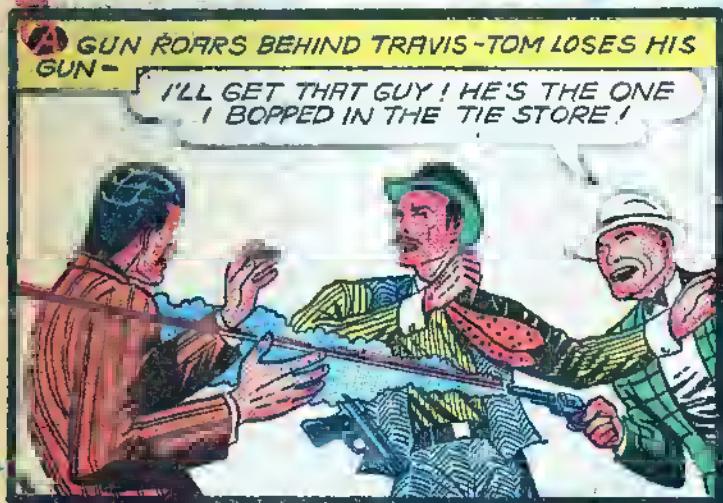
TRUST ME!

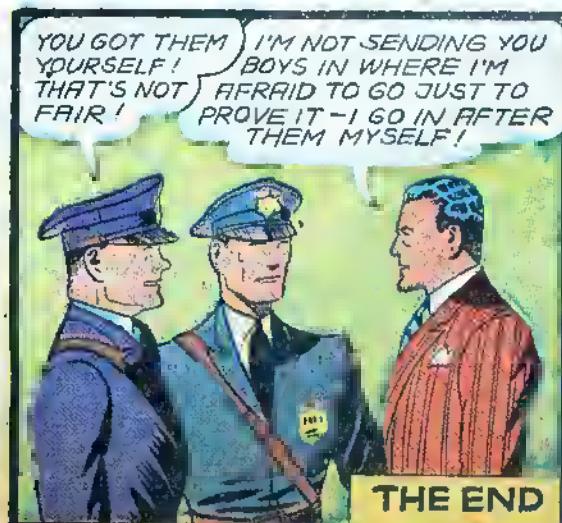
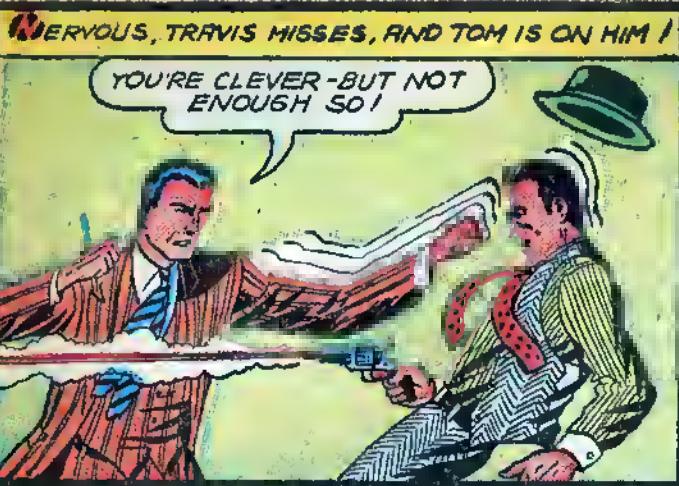












WATCH THIS TWO-FISTED BATTING DISTRICT ATTORNEY GO AFTER CRIMINALS HE APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN EACH ISSUE OF BIG SHOT COMICS!

THE END

# SPY-CHEF

THE AMERICAS EXPAND THEIR NAVIES! IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE PROGRAM IS THE UNITED STATES — BUILDING HUGE BATTLEWAGONS, CRUISERS AND — SUBMARINES!

1 NEW SUBMARINE — THE Z-9 — IS LAUNCHED!

I — NAGDA NORRIS  
— CHRISTEN YOU  
— Z9!

1 THE GIRL'S POCKETBOOK OPENS — AND SOME SHEET MUSIC FALLS AT THE FEET OF JEFF CARDIFF...

I'LL GET IT!

1 JEFF FROWNS AS HE STARES AT THE MUSIC...

I THINK I'D LIKE THIS NUMBER!  
WHAT'S THE NAME OF IT?

MY MUSICAL SCORE,  
PLEASE! AND  
THANK YOU —

IT'S CALLED  
AMERICA FOREVER!  
IT CERTAINLY IS!  
PATRIOTIC,  
ISN'T IT?

TOO BAD I CAN'T  
HEAR YOU PLAY  
IT FOR ME!

GOOD-BYE  
— AND  
GOOD LUCK!

THANK  
YOU!

FOLLOW THAT CAR, CABBLE  
— LET ME KNOW WHERE IT  
STOPS AND WHAT THE  
YOUNG LADY DOES! I THINK  
I'VE A HUNCH ABOUT HER!

RIGHT,  
BOSS!

JEFF CARDIFF IMMEDIATELY STARTS A PRIVATE INVESTIGATION . . .

THIS LOOKS LIKE A LIKELY PLACE!



HE VISITS THE CODE ROOM OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION . . .

MUSICAL CODE MESSAGES — HERE IT IS! THAT MUSIC SHEET WAS, WRITTEN IN CODE!

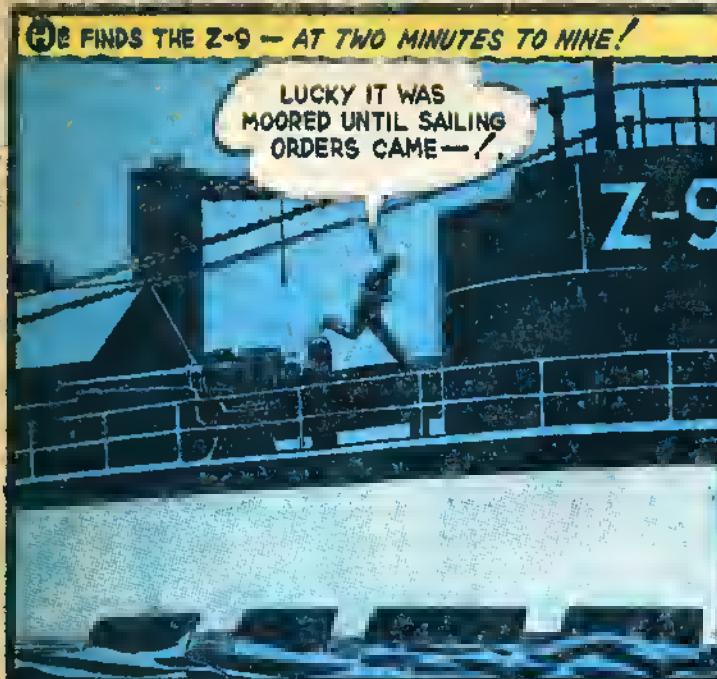


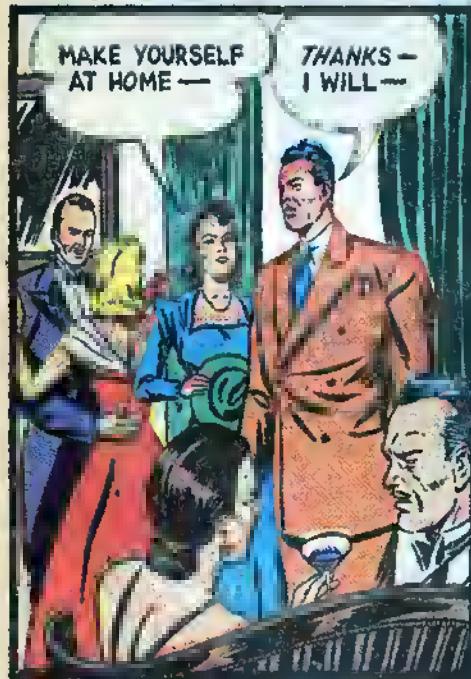
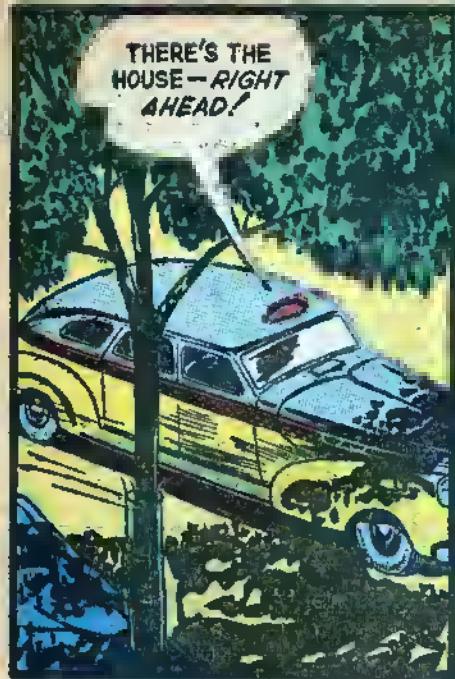
THE SPY CHIEF LEAVES A TRAIL OF STALLED CARS BEHIND HIM . . .



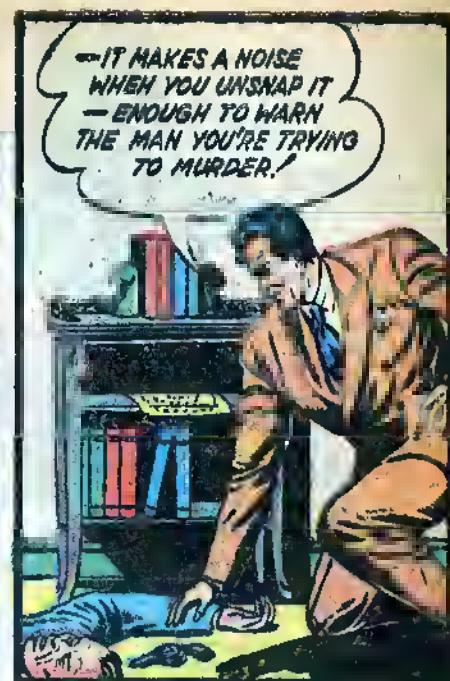
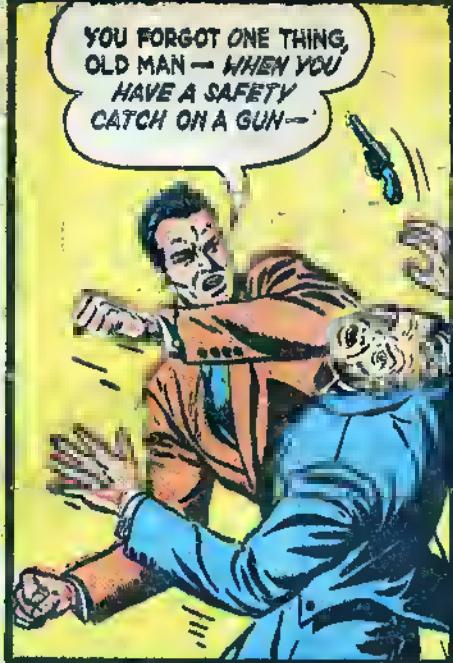
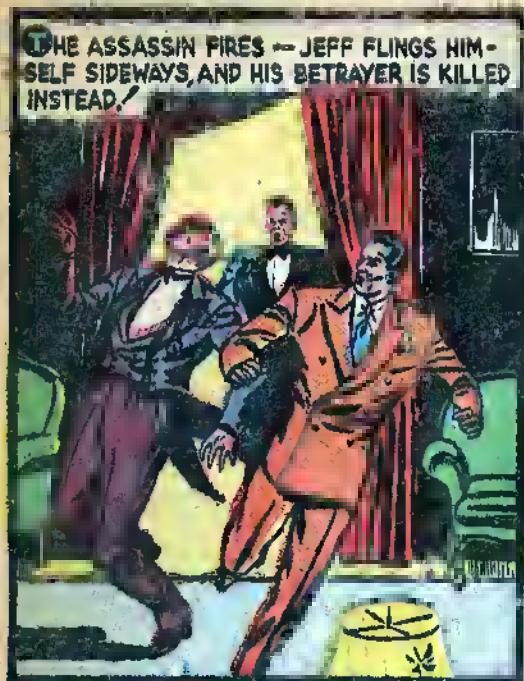
THE NAVY YARD — AT FIVE MINUTES TO NINE!







THE ASSASSIN FIRES — JEFF FLINGS HIMSELF SIDWAYS, AND HIS BETRAYER IS KILLED INSTEAD!



JEFF SEARCHES THE HOUSE — AND FINDS THE CELLAR A VAST WORK-ROOM!

I'LL BET BEETHOVEN AND MOZART WOULD TURN IN THEIR GRAVES IF THEY COULD SEE WHAT THOSE GUYS ARE DOING!



SAGDA MAKES A DARING ATTEMPT TO SHOOT HER WAY OUT — BUT JEFF SHOOTS HER GUN AWAY —

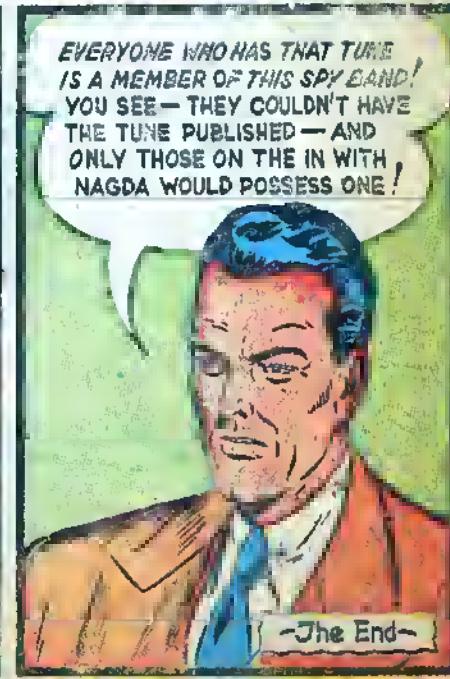
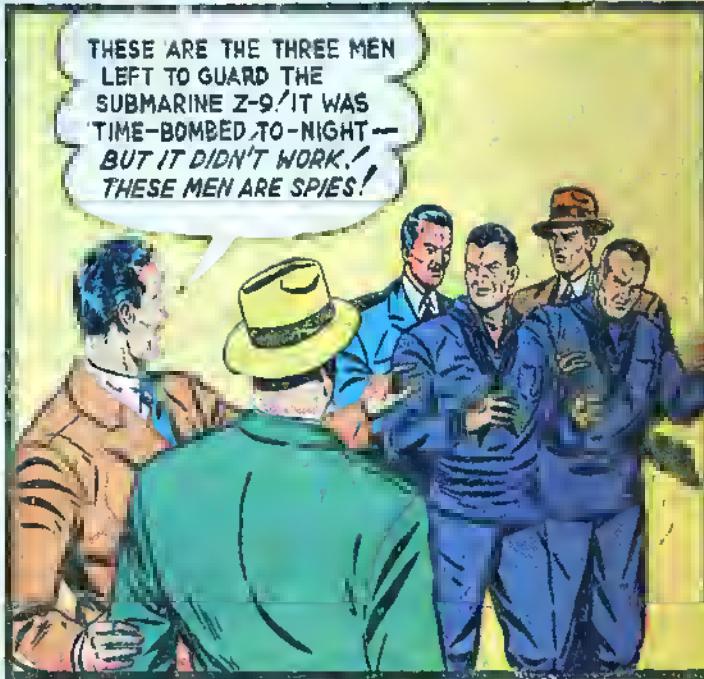


WARNED BY THE TAXI-DRIVER, THE F.B.I. MAKES A RAID...

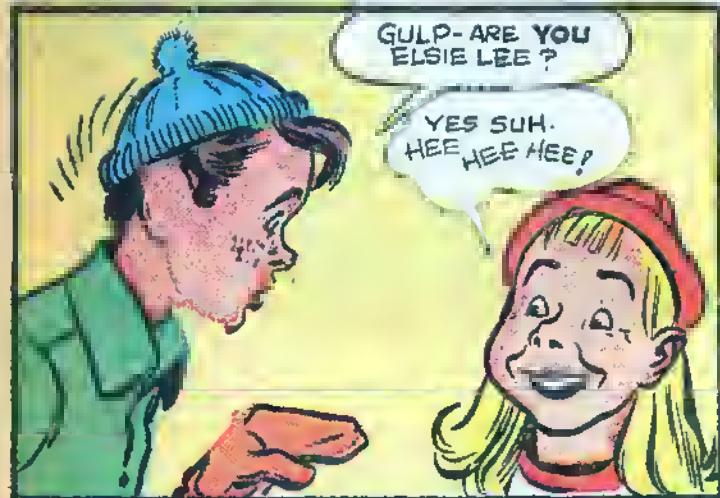
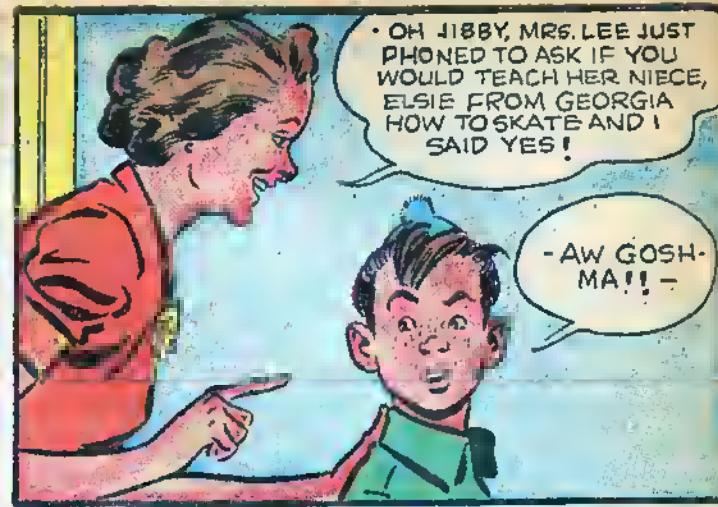


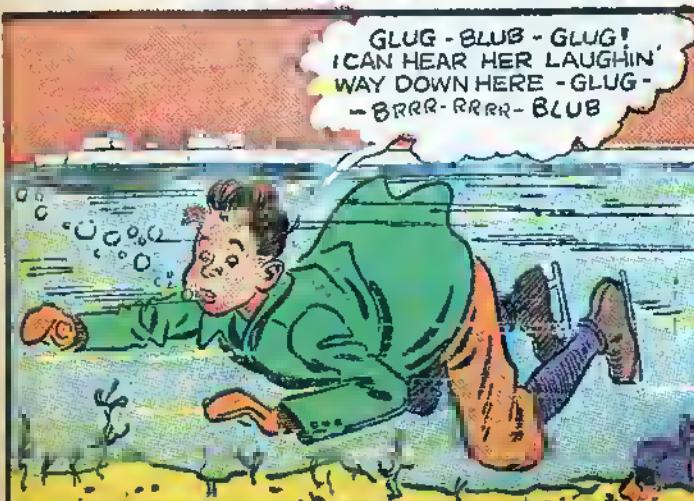
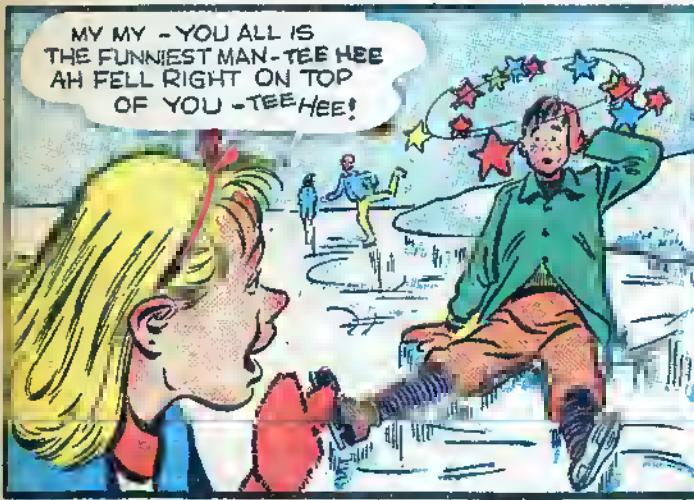
THE GUESTS AT THE PARTY SURRENDER MEKKLY!





# Jibby Jones

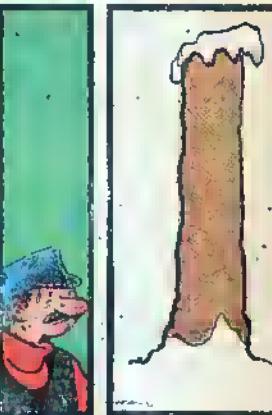
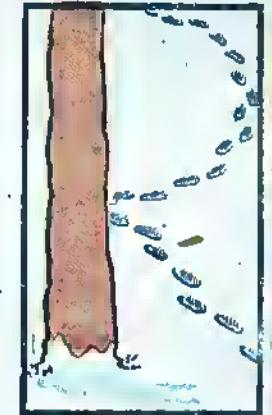
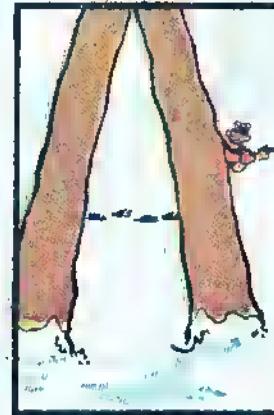
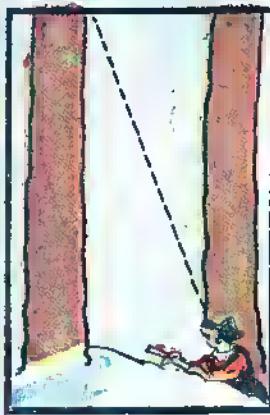
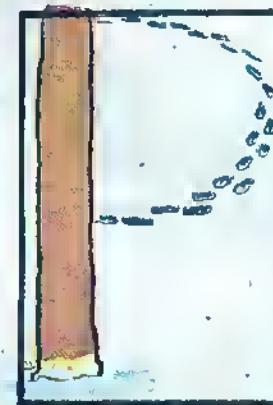
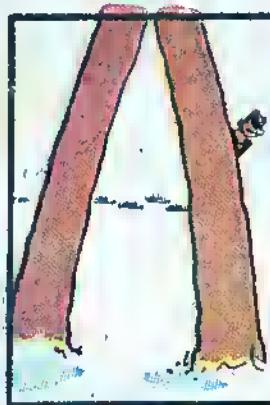
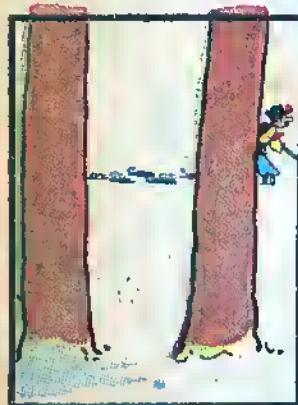


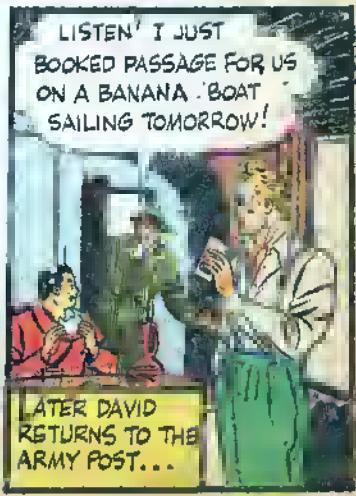
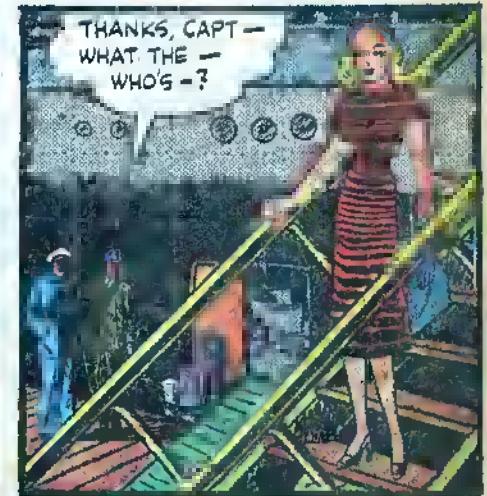


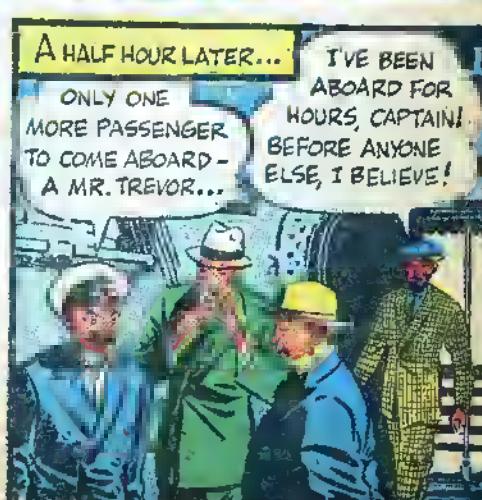
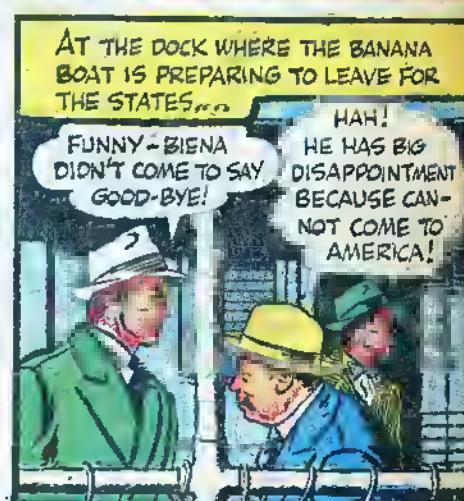
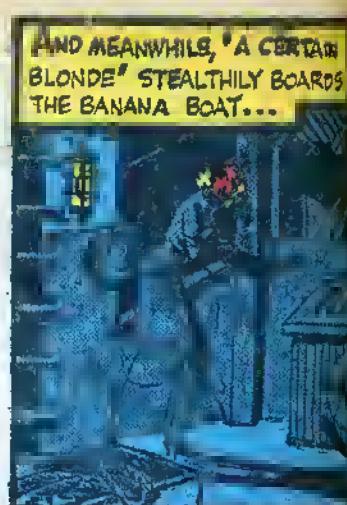
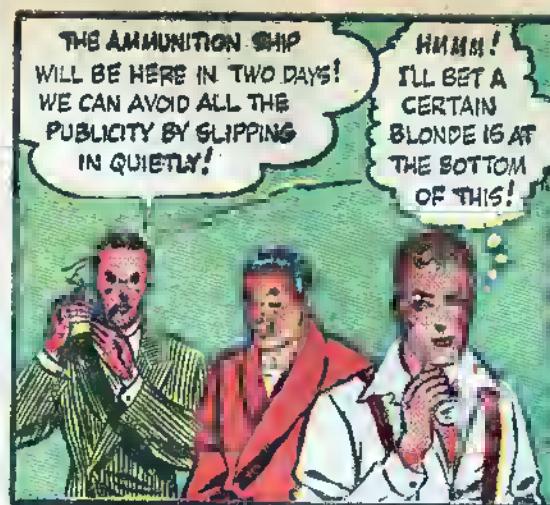
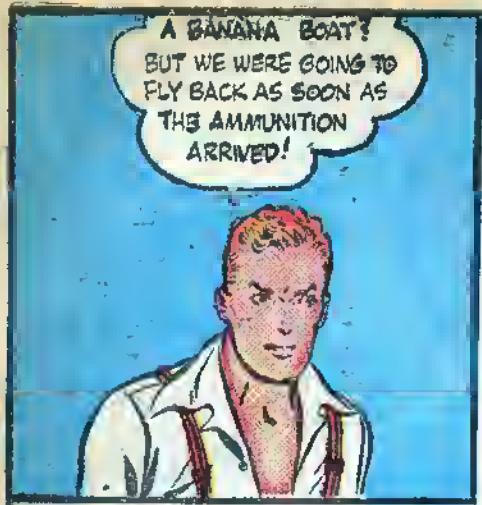


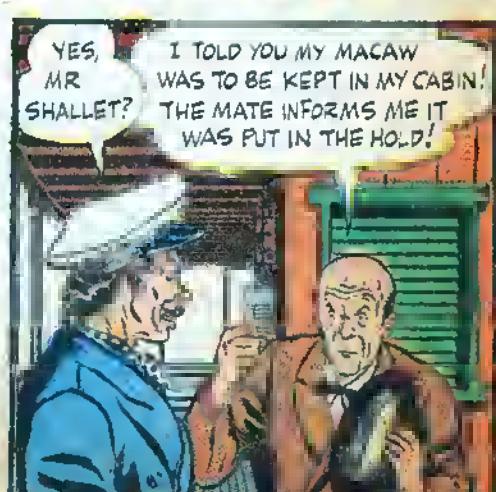
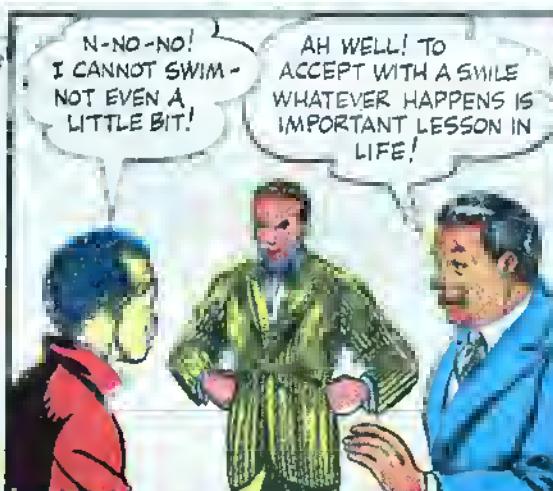
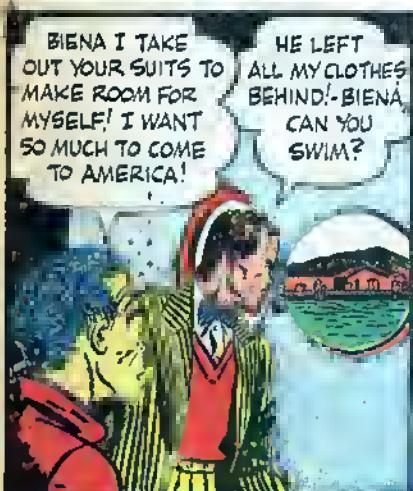
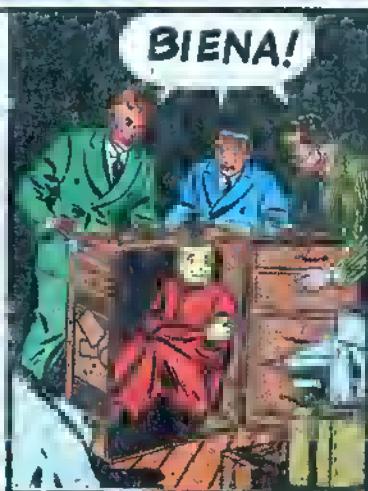
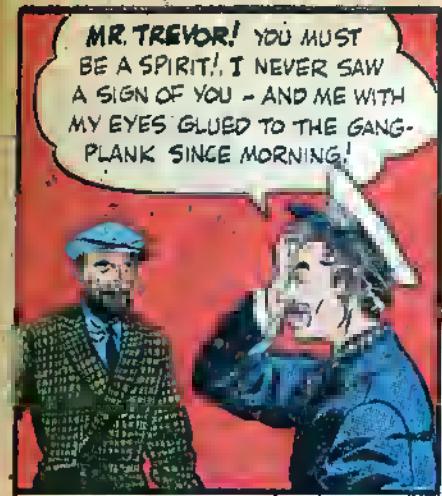
## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

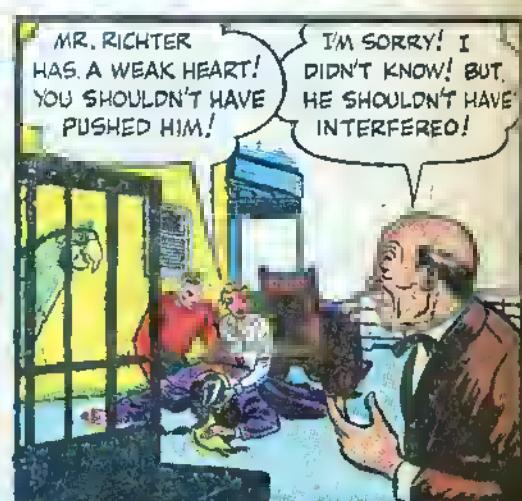
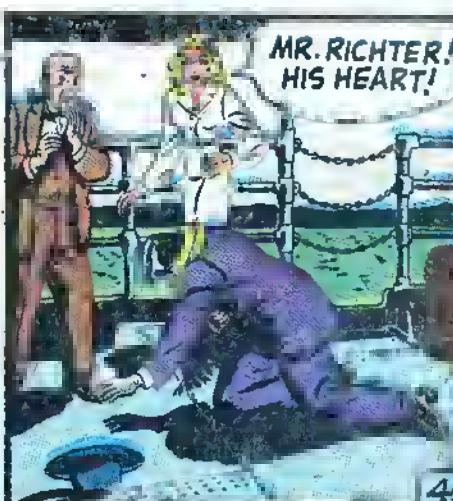
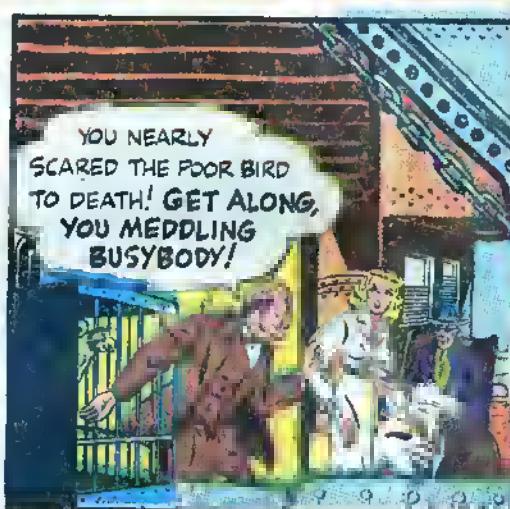
By H. J. TUTHILL

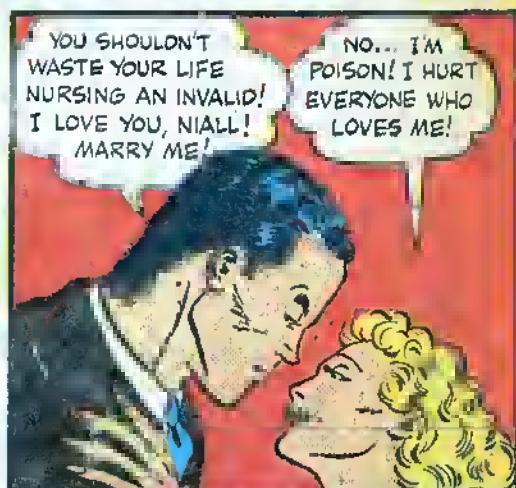
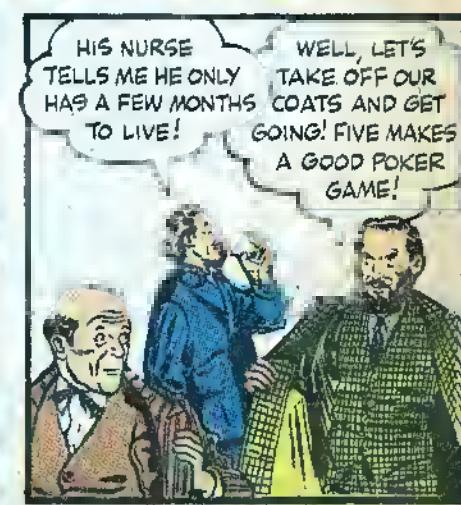
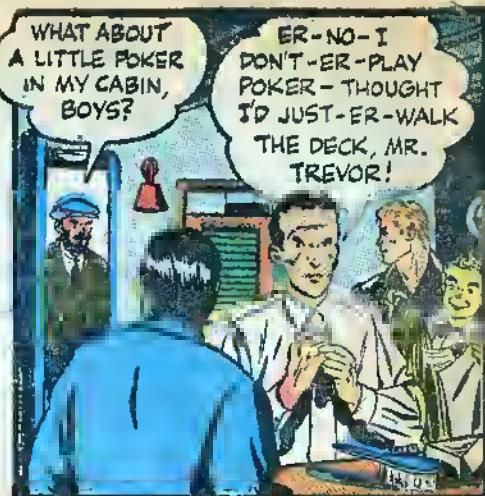
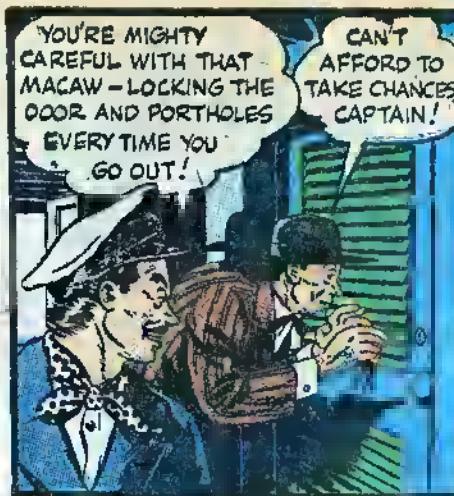






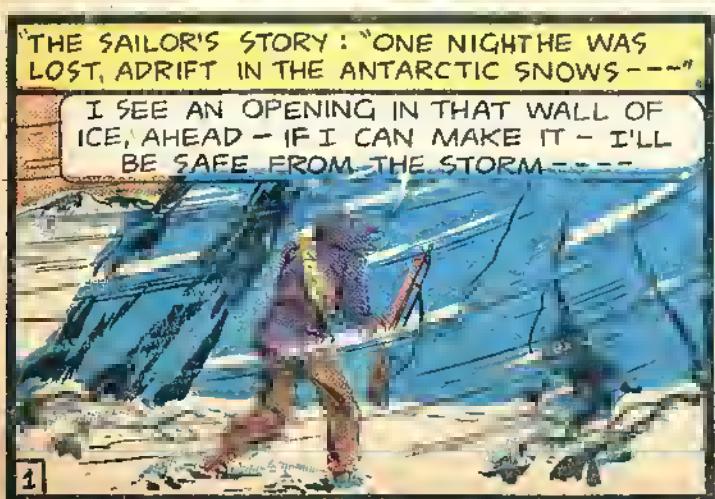
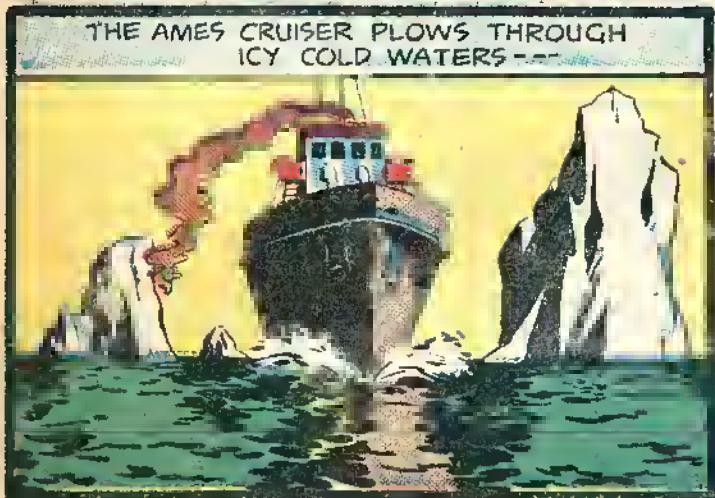






# ROCKY RYAN

SAILING SOUTHWARD WITH  
DOE AMES AND HER FATHER,  
ROCKY IS SETTING OUT  
TO UNRIDDLE THE SECRET  
OF THE POLAR SNOWS—  
THOUSAND OF YEARS AGO  
THE GREAT ICECAPS  
WERE WARM AS THE  
EQUATOR—THEN THE  
WORLD SHIFTED ON ITS  
AXIS—AND HUGE ICEBERGS  
AND MIGHTY MOUNTAINS  
OF SNOW APPEARED—  
BUT—WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED  
THERE AT THAT TIME?



"BUT AS HE SLEPT, STRANGE FORMS APPROACHED FROM INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN"

A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD!  
TAKE HIM BELOW TO THE RULERS!



OUR MOST ANCIENT LEGENDS TOLD OF WHITE PEOPLE! BUT WE THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL DEAD!



"WHEN THE SAILOR REVIVED - HE LOOKED ON A QUEER, GLASS-ENCLOSED CITY -"

I-I'M DEAD-OR DREAMING! THERE AIN'T NO PLACE LIKE THAT -- ANYWHERE!



FRIGHTENED, HE FLED AWAY!  
BUT BEFORE HE WENT -  
HE SAW THAT THE METAL  
CLOTHING, OF THE ODD  
PEOPLE, WAS GOLD!

THEY MUST  
HAVE A LOT  
OF IT, TO WEAR  
IT AS CLOTHES!



OUTSIDE THE SHIP'S BRIDGE, A SAILOR  
OVERHEARS THE WORD "GOLD"

GOLD! AN' I THOUGHT OLD AMES WAS  
JUST A SCIENTIST! WAIT'LL BLACK BILL  
HEARS ABOUT THIS!



-AN' HE SAID THERE  
WAS PLENTY GOLD  
THERE, TOO!

DON'T SAY A WORD  
-LEAVE IT TO ME!  
WE'LL WAIT'LL WE  
GET THE GOLD ON  
BOARD - THEN  
MUTINY!



YOU'LL DO ALL THE WORK, ROCKY RYAN - AND  
BLACK BILL BONNER'LL TAKE THE GOLD! HA-HA



THERE'S MOUNT  
TERSON! HERE'S WHERE  
OUR WORK BEGINS!

I'M READY! I WAS  
GETTING TOO LAZY,  
LOAFING AROUND  
ON BOARD SHIP!

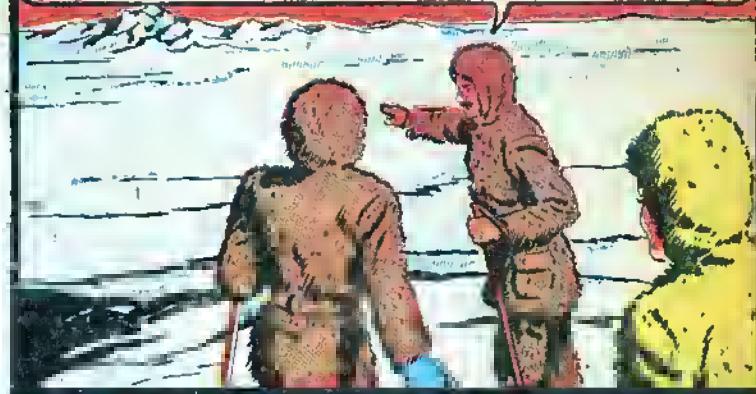


INTO THE ANTARCTIC WASTES, GO  
THE THREE ADVENTURERS ---

IT'S EASY TO DRAG THIS  
SLED ALONG THE ICE!

I SEE FATHER  
WAVING TO US  
UP AHEAD --

THAT'S THE CLENCHED FIST GROUP OF MOUNTAINS  
THE SAILOR TOLD ABOUT! HIS CAVE IS IN ONE OF  
THOSE!



DAY FOLLOWS DAY OF FUTILE SEARCHING

NO USE! LIKE HUNTING A NEEDLE IN A  
HAYSTACK! GUESS I'LL GO BACK TO CAMP!



BUT AS HE  
TURNS, HIS  
SKIS SLIP  
AND HE  
FALLS  
SIDeways,  
INTO A  
PILE OF  
SNOW—  
THE SNOW  
CRUMPLES—  
AND HE  
GAZES  
INTO A  
SMALL,  
WARM, CAVE

IT'S IT! WE'VE FOUND  
IT! HOE! MR. AMES!



THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT! AND TO THINK  
YOU MIGHT HAVE PASSED IT BY,  
IF YOU HADN'T SLIPPED!



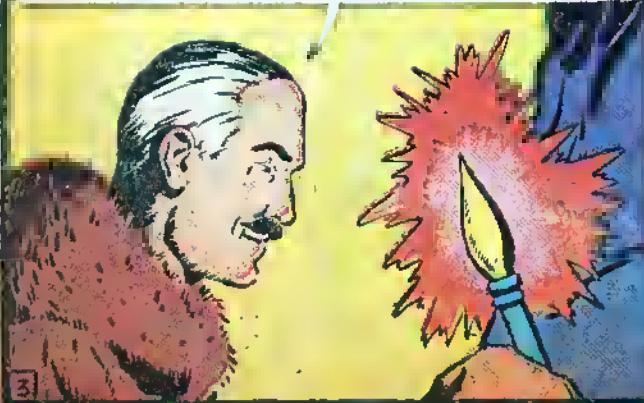
IT WAS  
A CLOSE  
CALL!

NOTICE HOW  
IT'S GROWING  
WARMER?

THAT RED LIGHT AHEAD—  
LIKE THE ONES THE QUEER  
PEOPLE CARRIED! LOOK!



A GAS TORCH, THAT RADIATES LIGHT AND  
HEAT! IT MUST BE SOME NEW SECRET  
OF BURNING GASES!



THE ADVENTURERS ARE SUDDENLY  
CONFRONTED BY A GUARD ---

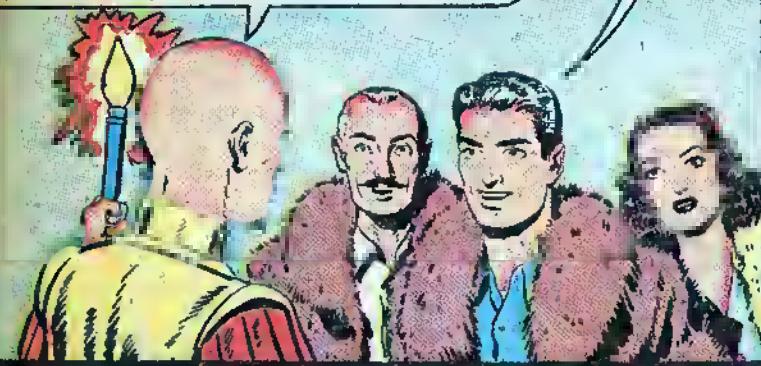
HALT!

HE SPEAKS  
ENGLISH!



CERTAINLY I SPEAK ENGLISH! I KNOW EVERY LANGUAGE ON THE GLOBE - THROUGH RADIO! YOU PEOPLE ARE AMERICANS - SO FOLLOW ME!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT?



THAT IS POLA, THE CITY OF THE ANCIENT ONES! OUR CULTURE IS HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD! WE THOUGHT ALL OTHER LIFE WAS DESTROYED - BUT WHEN WE DISCOVERED THE RADIO, HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO - AND COULD HEAR VOICES - WE KNEW DIFFERENTLY!



RADIO, HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO? HOW COULD YOU HEAR ANYTHING WITHOUT A BROADCASTING STATION?

WE USED A VERY SHORT WAVE LENGTH - THE SOUND WAVES, IN FACT, THAT NEVER DIE! OUR POWER GENERATORS BUILT UP THEIR STRENGTH



STEP INTO OUR BIMOBILE! I WILL EXPLAIN AFTER YOU HAVE SEEN THE RULERS!

THE RULERS! THAT IS WHAT SCARED THE SAILOR!



### THE RULERS OF ANCIENT POLA

HOW OLD - YET HOW WISE!

WHY NOT, MY CHILDREN? I AM TEN THOUSAND YEARS OLD! WE DISCOVERED HOW TO PROLONG LIFE, EVEN BEFORE THE EARTH SWUNG, THAT MADE OUR GAY COUNTRY, A THING OF ICE AND SNOW



WE WERE HAPPY HERE WHEN THE EARTH ATMOSPHERE BEGAN TO CHANGE! OUR SCIENTISTS BUILT A GLASS-DOMED CITY! WE SELECTED THE BEST SPECIMENS OF OUR RACE AND RETIRED HERE! THAT WAS MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!

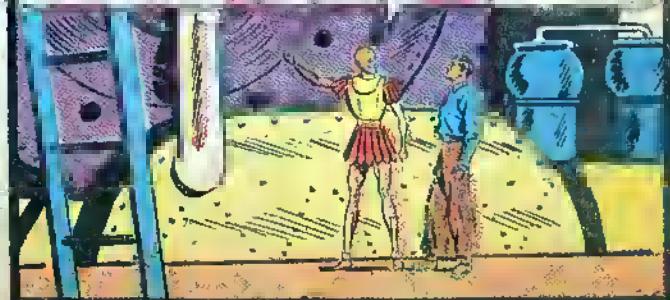


I WILL SHOW YOU ABOUT POLA! THE RULERS HAVE GIVEN ME PERMISSION!

I DIDN'T HEAR THEM - BUT MAYBE THEY GAVE YOU A SIGNAL, EH?



THEY USED THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE! BUT ENOUGH OF THAT - THIS IS A MACHINE THAT GENERATES ARTIFICIAL SUNSHINE! WE KEEP OURSELVES WARM AND GET ENOUGH SOLAR ENERGY FROM IT TO RUN OUR INDUSTRIES!



MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE CRUISER ---

THEY'RE GOING AFTER GOLD!  
GOLD, I TELL YA! WHY LET 'EM  
HIDE IT AND FOOL US? LET'S GO  
AFTER THEM OURSELVES!

BUT HOW DO  
WE KNOW  
WHERE THEY  
WENT?



I COPIED THIS FROM OLD MAN AMES,  
WHILE HE SLEPT! I KNOW HOW TO  
GET TO THIS BURIED CITY! LET'S GO!



THE RUFFIANS SET OUT ACROSS THE SNOWS,  
ARMED TO THE TEETH--

WE'LL GET ENOUGH GOLD TO MAKE US WEALTHY  
FOR LIFE! AND WE'LL SLIT THE AMES'  
THROAT - AND RYAN'S TOO!



BACK IN POLA---

WHY-  
IT'S GOLD!

FUNNY-BACK WHERE WE CAME  
FROM, MEN WOULD CUT EACH OTHER'S  
THROATS, FOR ALL THAT METAL!

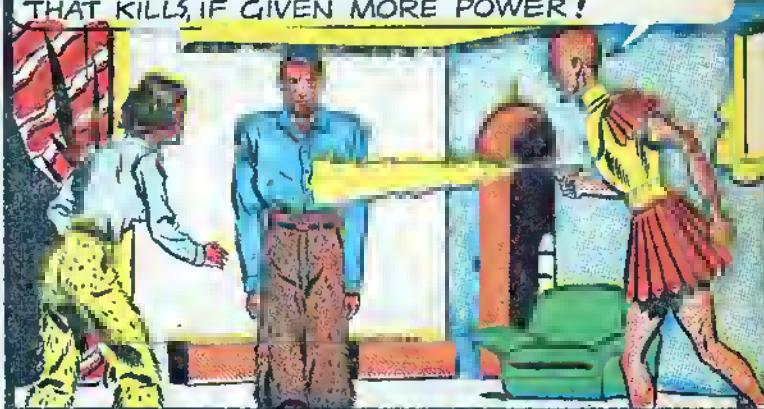


THEN TAKE IT AS A  
GIFT! WE HAVE MORE  
HERE THAN WE KNOW  
WHAT TO DO WITH!

BUT SUPPOSE EVIL  
MEN COME - AND  
TRY TO TAKE IT  
AWAY FROM YOU?



THIS - I DEMONSTRATE! - WILL STOP THE MOST  
FEROCIOUS OF THEM! IT IS A PARALYSIS RAY-  
THAT KILLS, IF GIVEN MORE POWER!



IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, DOE! BUT  
I SURE WAS PARALYSED!

OH - I WAS  
SO WORRIED!

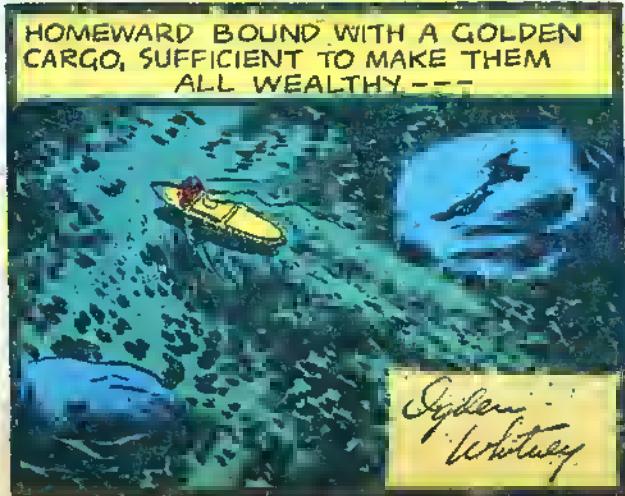
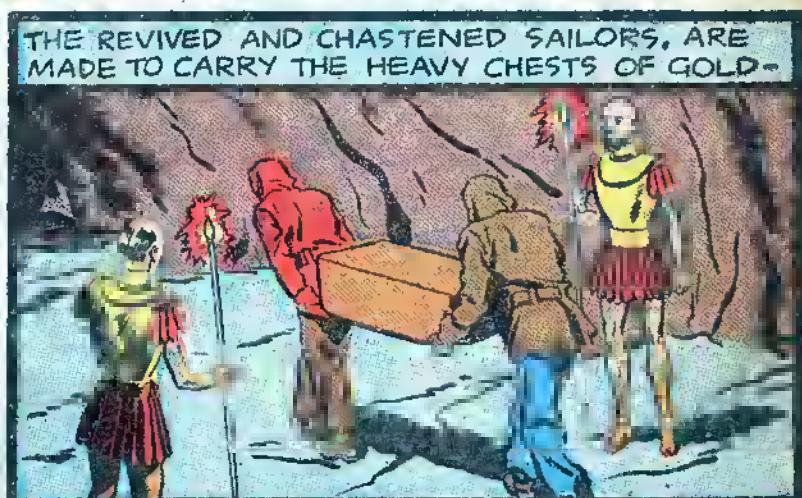
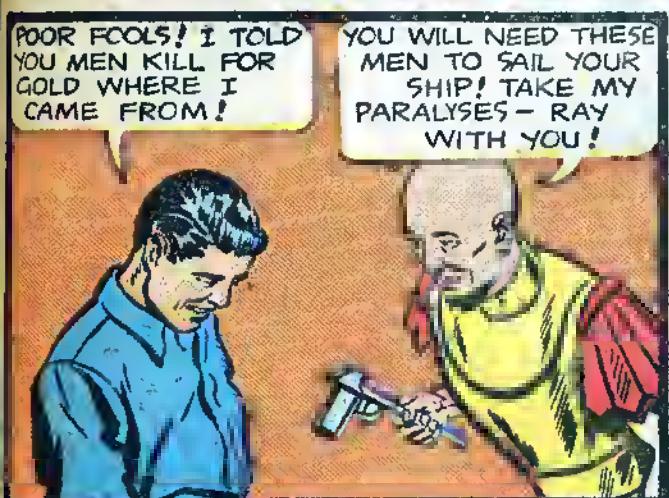
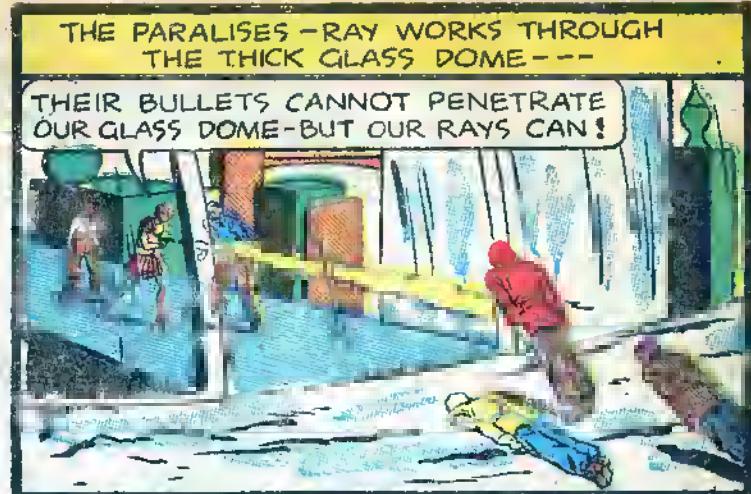


YOUR FATHER WILL  
HAVE BEEN TALKING  
TO OUR SCIENTISTS!  
WE HAD BETTER  
MEET HIM--LISTEN!

ROCKY-  
IT  
SOUNDS  
LIKE-

GUNSHOTS! IT  
IS! SOMEBODY'S  
ATTACKING  
POLA!

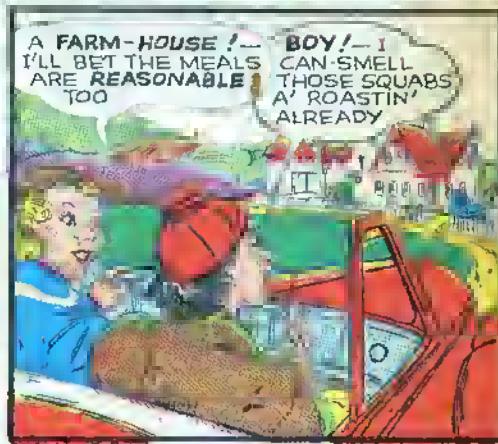
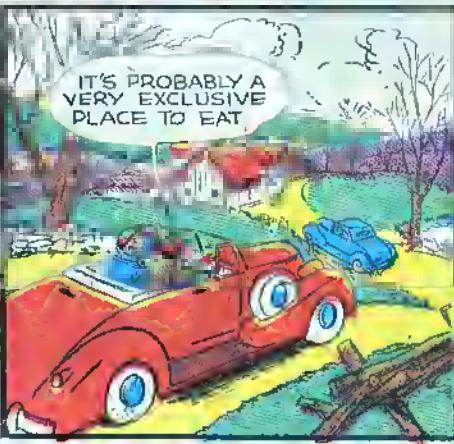
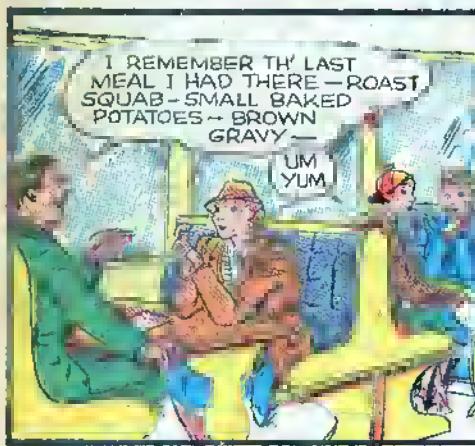
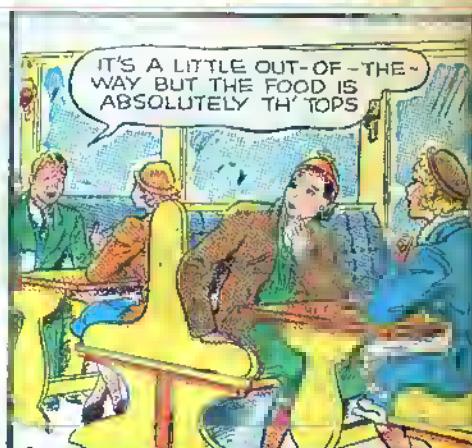






# DIXIE DUGAN

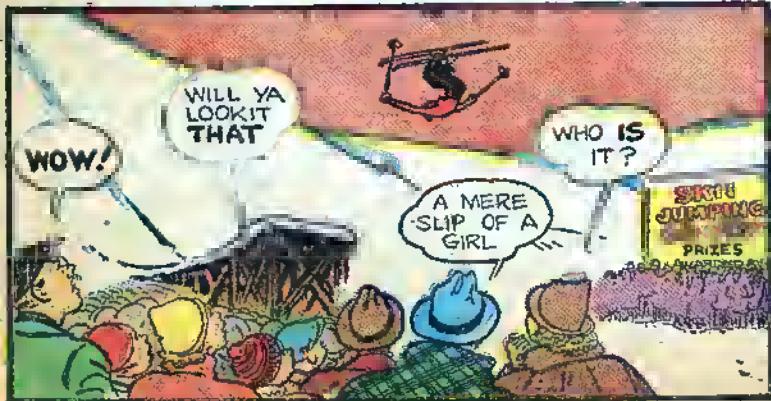
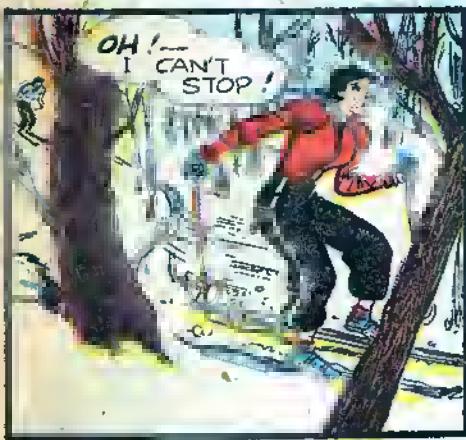
By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





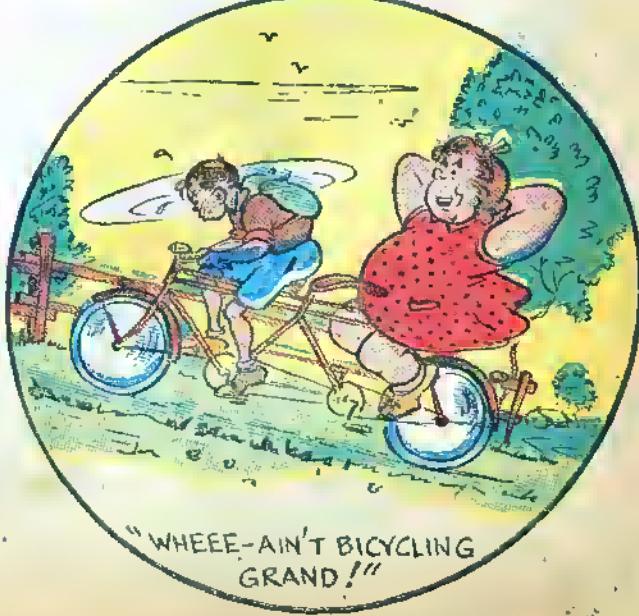
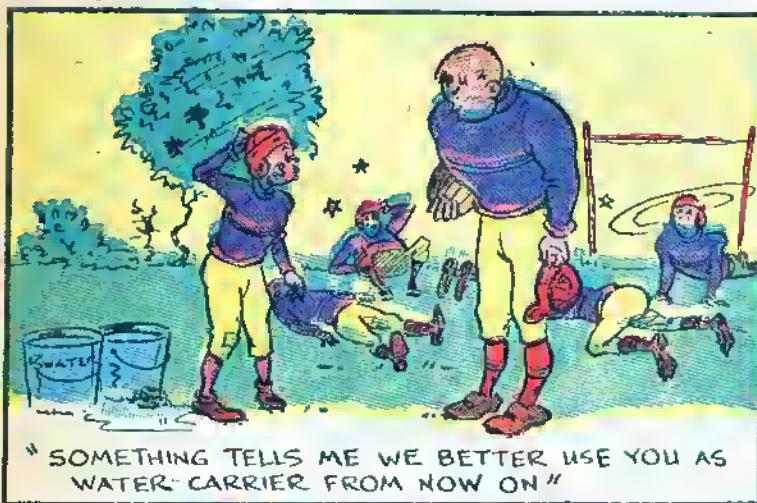
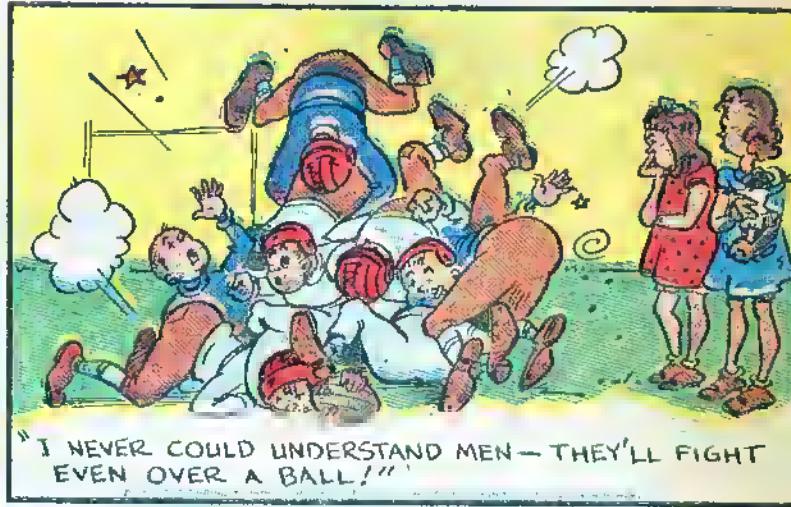
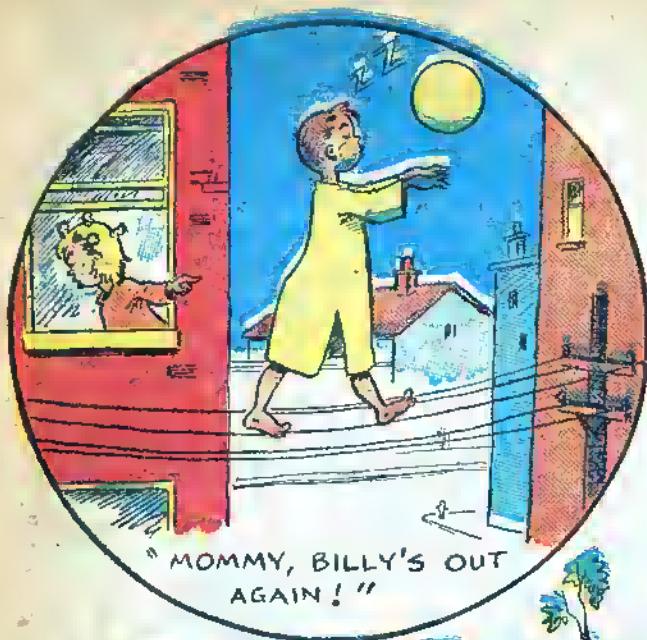
# DIXIE DUGAN

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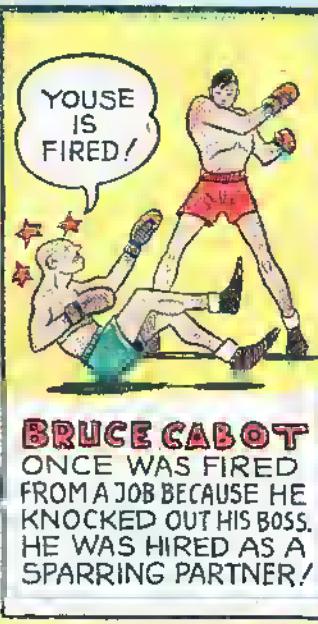
# KID STUFF

by ALBERT CHARTIER



# FILM FLASHES

WHEN **DICK POWELL** CAME TO HOLLYWOOD THE FIRST MOVIE STAR HE MET WAS **JOAN BLONDELL** HE COULD HARDLY SPEAK TO HER BECAUSE HE WAS SO NERVOUS AND EXCITED - NOW THEY ARE MARRIED!



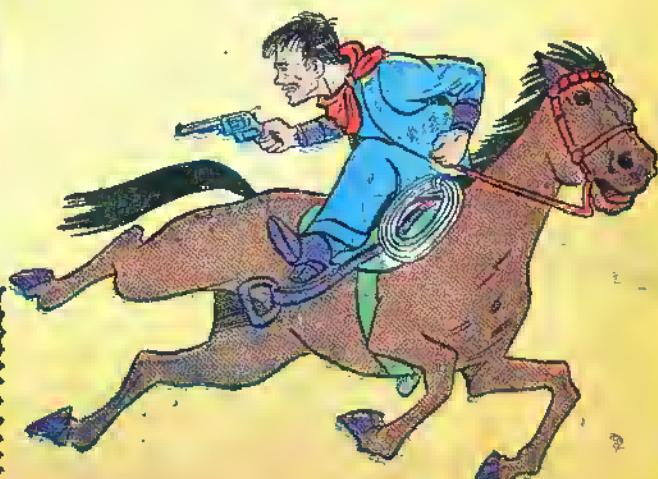
**FLAKED CARROTS** ARE NOW USED IN THE MOVIES TO MAKE SNOW / FOR MANY YEARS CHOPPED UP CHICKEN FEATHERS, POWDERED GYPSUM, AND CORNFLAKES WERE USED!



**MICKY ROONEY** IS THE NO. 1 BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION IN THE MOVIES. BE-SIDES BEING AN ACTOR HE CAN WRITE SONGS, PLAY THE VIOLIN, CLARINET, DRUMS, SAXOPHONE, GUITAR AND THE PIANO — AND IS AN EXPERT IN TENNIS, BOWLING AND BILLIARDS!



**WESTERN** COWBOY PICTURES ARE STILL TOPS, ITS THE FAST ACTION "HORSE OPERAS" THAT PAY THE BILLS FOR MANY OF THE UNPROFITABLE EPICS!



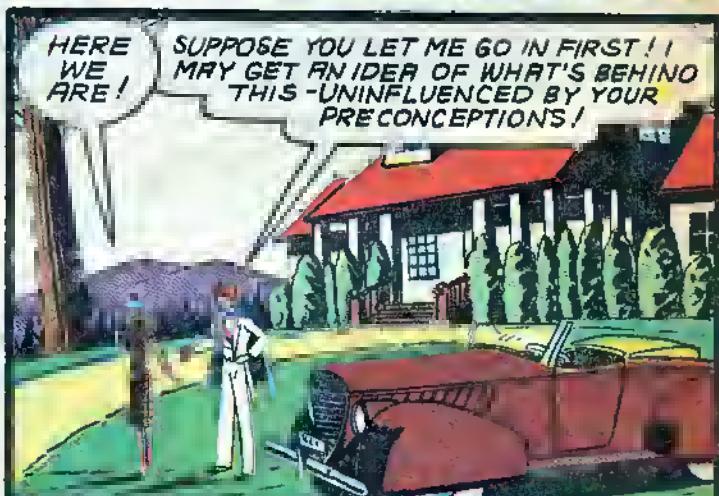
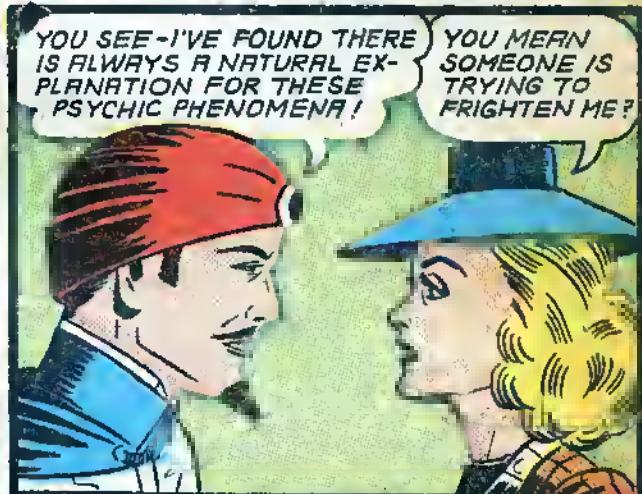
# MARVELO

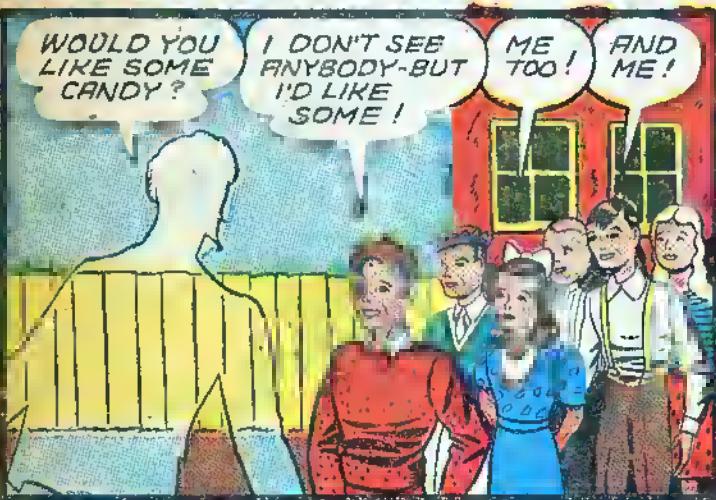
## MONARCH OF MAGICIANS

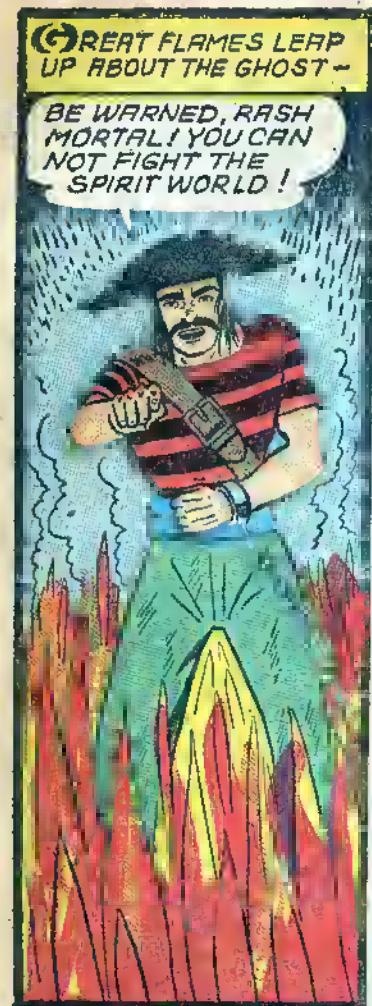
BY FRED GUARDINEER

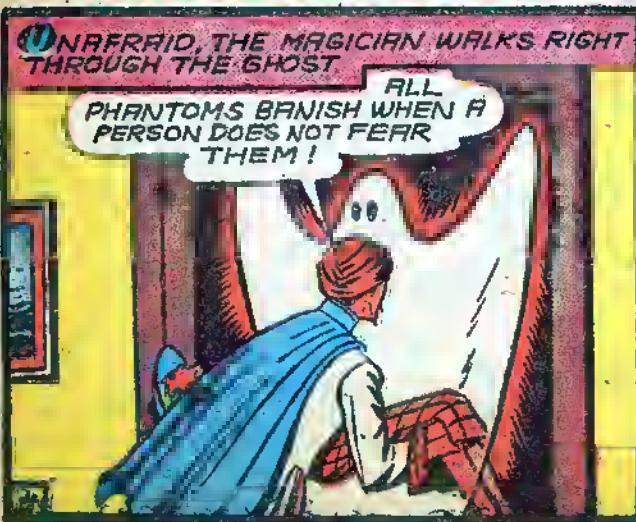
MARVELO ? I MUST  
HAVE YOUR HELP  
AT ONCE !

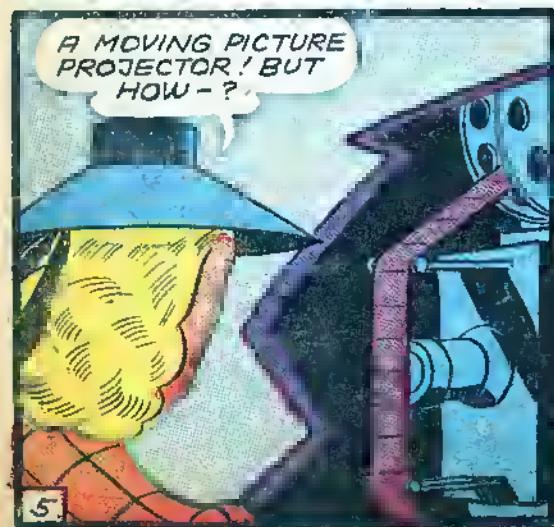
CALM YOURSELF -  
AND TELL ME ABOUT  
YOUR TROUBLES.

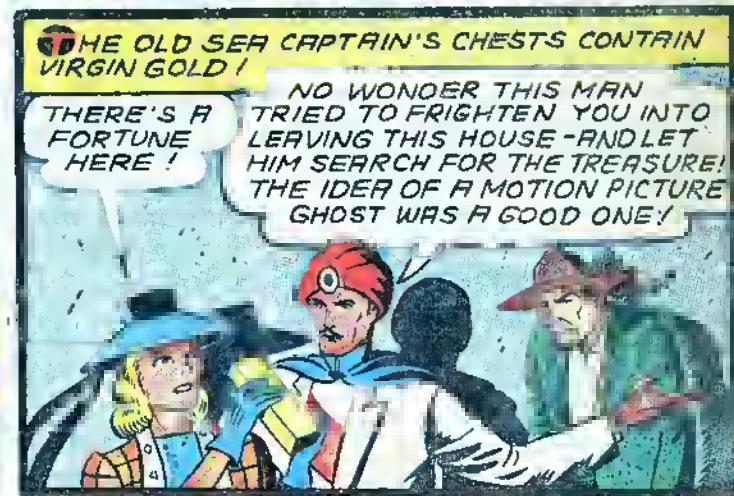
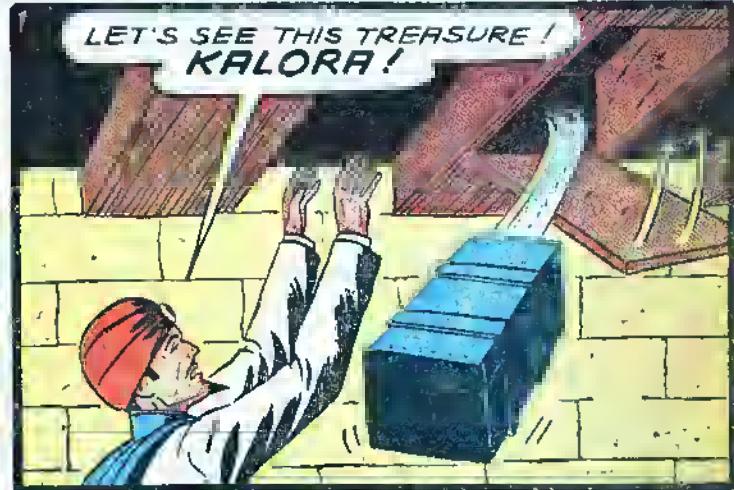












-THE END-

MARVELO will amaze and mystify you by his feats of magic every month in **BIG SHOT COMICS!**



# The Face's Hi-Jacking Episode

by  
*Michael Blake*

THE deep-throated bell in the nearby insurance building broke the stillness of the night and informed all who were interested that the hour of midnight had been reached, paused and sent on its way to join the countless other hours that had receded into the misty void of the past. A startling contrast to its appearance in daytime, the business section of the great city was now shrouded in somber blackness. Tiny, pin-pricks of streetlamps barely lighted the canon-like avenues that twisted, turned and crossed in a fashion comparable to the outlines of an intricate jigsaw puzzle.

High in the tower of a sky-scraping office building a light from within cut a panel of gleaming yellow in the otherwise black, window-studded face of the structure. In the room itself sat two men, one behind a polished desk of expensive appointments; the other lounged comfortably in a large leather chair, his feet resting with utter composure on the edge of the desk.

"Well, Bill, everything seems to be rolling along on schedule," said the man in the leather chair. "Dutch and Zack left at ten o'clock with the truck and they just 'phoned me fifteen minutes ago they were at Plainsville."

The man called Bill tilted his chair back of the desk and smiled with great satisfaction. "That's fine . . . very fine! They know, of course, that they're to let the Circle Silk Company's truck pass through the town before they jump it?"

"They have their instructions and they know exactly what to do," replied the other, casually

lighting a thick cigar. "They've pulled this same type of job for me many times. Dutch and Zack have been in this racket with me for the past six years and they've had enough experience to know when to hold off and when to open up!"

"Nevertheless, this is big money they're playing around with and we can't afford to have any slips!" Bill cautioned.

"Don't worry, if any slips are made the other fellows will make 'em!" the second man said assuringly, shifting his shoulder-holster and revolver to make himself the more comfortable.

At that moment, had these two gentlemen been the proud owners of X-ray eyes, they might have observed the figure of a man immaculately clad in evening dress crouching outside the door leading to their office. And as the figure turned and placed his ear against the key hole their X-ray visions, seeing the facial expression on the listener, would undoubtedly have caused them to gasp in horror and fear. But fortunately, or otherwise, the gift of a penetrating sight was not given them nor could they see the green, death-like color of the eaves-dropper's face nor his bared fangs and hollow, staring eyes. In fact, they were totally unaware that the Face, strange and mysterious avenger of crime and injustice, had observed and listened to their entire conversation.

"This has been most interesting and enlightening," murmured the Face as he pondered over the remarks of the two men in the office. "Hi-jacking silk trucks is a very precarious but nevertheless

less lucrative business . . . if one gets away with it!"

Once again the voice of one of the men drifted through the key hole. "What time is the Circle Company's truck due to pass Plainsville?"

"In about another hour," came the reply of the other man.

With a grunt of satisfaction and a terse "That's all I want to know!" the Face arose and noiselessly made his way to the fire exit of the building. In less than three minutes he was outside on the sidewalk, hustling over to his powerful roadster parked by the curb. He slipped the gear into first and the glistening, black car shot away with a surge of power.

The minute hand had traveled halfway around his wrist watch when the Face rolled by a weather-beaten sign that marked the outskirts of Plainsville. Apparently the greater portion of the small town was lost in deep slumber, for the only sign of life on the main street emanated from a restaurant about three blocks away. A few autos were parked in front of the yellow-lighted eating emporium and on the opposite side of the street stood a huge truck.

"Evidently it belongs to Dutch and Zack," the Face thought as his eyes swiftly absorbed the lay-out before him. "And while they're inside shoveling food into their stomachs, I'll just park my little four-wheeled friend and make myself comfortable in their vehicle."

He pulled his car into a dark, narrow street, shut off the motor and glided into the driver's compartment of the empty truck. Back of the seat two small doors

opened into the black interior of the truck itself and in two seconds the *Face* scaled the leather seat, melting into the gloom. A period of about ten minutes elapsed before two burly men, obviously the oft-mentioned Dutch and Zack sauntered across the street and stepped up into the driver's section.

"The Circle's truck should be rollin' along in a few minutes, Zack," said Dutch, as he started the truck's engine and drove it ponderously towards the east end of the town. They rolled along for approximately a quarter of a mile, halted and then backed into a dirt road almost completely hidden by shrubbery and overhanging leaves. Dutch shut the motor off and lit a cigarette; and only when he turned to speak to Zack did he notice the terrified expression on his companion's countenance. Instinctively, he swung around and found himself within a few inches of what looked like a nightmare.

"Fer cryin' out loud . . ." he whispered hoarsely, but a gleaming automatic in the *Face's* hand commanded silence.

"The truck you intend to hi-jack will be along in a few minutes," said the *Face* grimly, "and I want you boys to carry out your orders just as you were instructed. However, there will be no bloodshed . . . unless you fail to keep in mind that I'll be watching you most carefully. Understand?"

Dutch and Zack gulped and nodded their blanched faces; and

at that moment the sound of an approaching truck seemed to strengthen their reflexes. Dutch stepped on the self-starter and putting the engine in gear, drove straight out into the middle of the roadway and completely blocked it. From out of the night the twin headlights of the approaching Circle Silk Company's truck twinkled and grew brighter. Within a half minute screeching brakes brought it to a halt. Two men leaped from the driver's section and advancing toward the blocking vehicle, angrily demanded the reason for the obstruction. With a lack of enthusiasm not ordinarily associated with hi-jackers and those who procure a livelihood by means of force, Dutch and Zack waved their automatics beneath the noses of the astonished drivers.

A mocking smile played around the corners of the *Face's* mouth as he realized the feeling of uneasiness Dutch and Zack must have experienced, knowing that their gleaming weapons had been previously emptied of their bullets. But they acted their parts fairly convincingly and in an amazingly short period of time, both the drivers of the halted truck had been trussed securely and the valuable bolts of silk had been transferred to the hi-jackers' truck.

"A very neat little job," the *Face* remarked as Dutch and Zack climbed back into the driver's compartment. "And now I want you to drive to that restaurant you left not so long ago and 'phone your boss in the city that something's gone wrong and that you want him to meet you here in Plainsville as soon as possible!"

Dutch did as he was commanded and relayed the message, under the menacing surveillance of the *Face's* automatic, to the men in the skyscraper office building. In less than an hour's time, the limousine bearing Dutch and Zack's bosses roared into sight and pulled up beside the parked truck. The expressions of surprise melting into anger that registered on the newcomers' countenances as they were greeted by the *Face* would

have done justice to the cleverest of Hollywood's character actors. But the *Face* at that particular moment wasn't interested in any display of histrionics and herded all the four men into the rear of the truck. He then locked the doors, settled behind the wheel and drove the truck straight to the nearest Police Precinct in the city.



On his noonday program, the following day, Tony Trent, popular news commentator on radio station WBSC, broadcast this startling item: "The Sergeant in the 14th Police Precinct received a surprise 'phone call last night from that mysterious character who calls himself the *Face*. . . . I say a 'surprise' call, because the Sergeant was informed that if he went to the front of the building he would discover a large truck parked by the curb. And in the truck he would find four men who, in the somewhat hazardous business of hi-jacking during the past five or six years, had become quite affluent in that illegal profession. Also in the truck, the Sergeant was advised, he would find the evidence of the gang's lastest endeavor, consisting of numerous bolts of silk which they had just hi-jacked from one of the Circle Silk Company's trucks. Needless to say, the Sergeant lost no time in ascertaining the truth of the 'phone call. And once again, the forces of Law are indebted to the fantastic *Face* for his assistance in curbing crime and bringing the lawless to Justice!"

—The End—



# The FACE

by MICHAEL BLAKE



**W**HEN HE PLACES THE RUBBEROID MASK OF **THE FACE** OVER HIS FEATURES, YOUNG TONY TRENT, YOUNG RADIO COMMENTATOR OF STATION WBSC, BECOMES THE NEMESIS OF EVIL! GRIM AND TERRIBLE OF ASPECT, HE RANGES THE CITY -- OVERCOMING CRIME AND CRIMINALS!

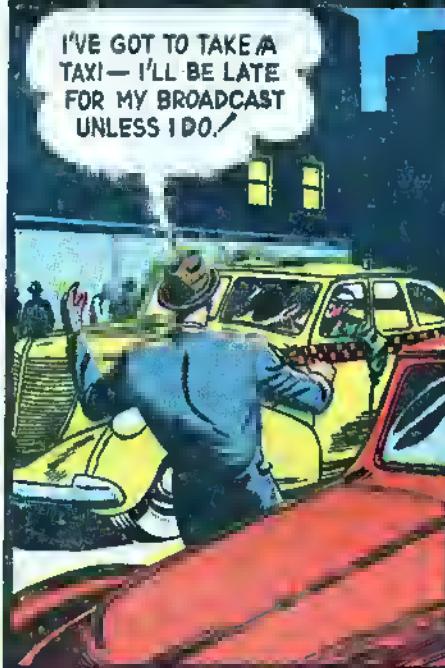


**1**ON HIS WAY TO RADIO STATION WBSC, TONY MEETS WITH MOTOR TROUBLE...

FUNNY — I HAD THE CAR OVERHAULED ONLY YESTERDAY!



I'VE GOT TO TAKE A TAXI — I'LL BE LATE FOR MY BROADCAST UNLESS I DO!



**2**BUT INSIDE THE TAXI — TONY HEARS HIMSELF BROADCASTING!

THIS IS TONY TRENT, EVERYBODY — COMING TO YOU FROM STATION WBSC EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY —

WELL, I'LL BE —



SOMEBODY'S IMPERSONATING ME — I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO IT IS!



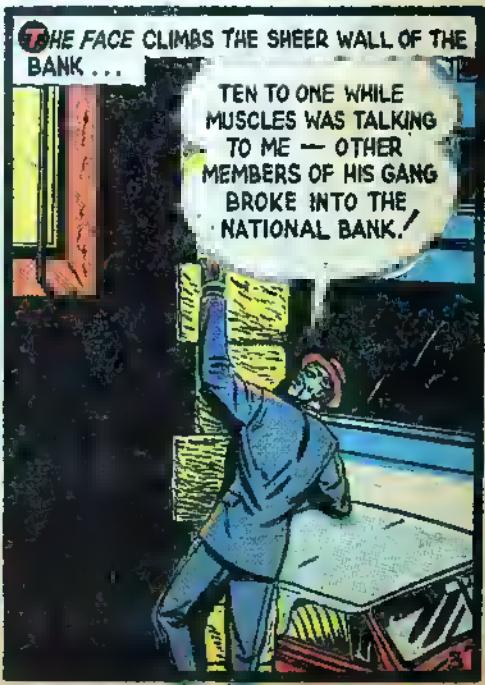
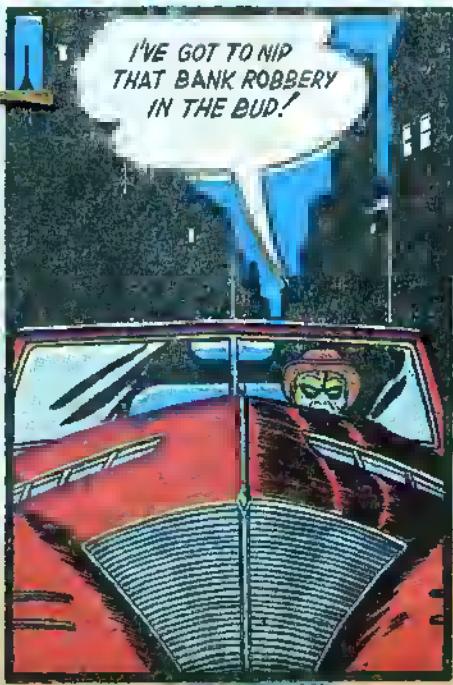
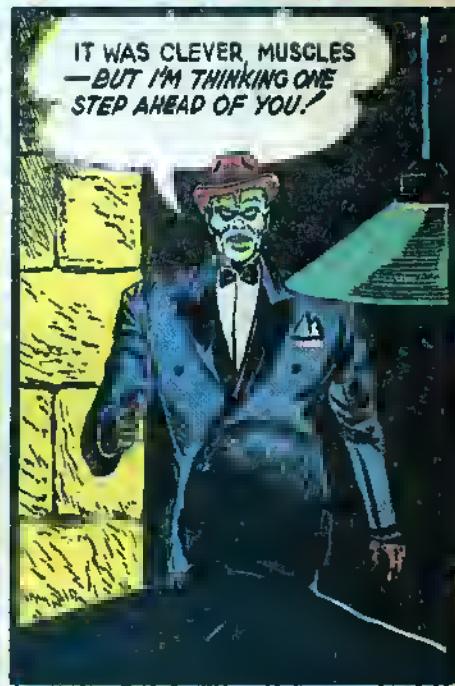
**3**TONY REVIVES HIS SECRETARY, BABS WALSH...

TONY! SOME GANGSTERS CAME IN — BOUND ME — AND BROADCAST TO THE FACE — THAT THEY WERE GOING TO ROB A BANK! THEY DARED HIM TO STOP THEM!

WHA-AT!







THOUGHT SO!  
THERE THEY ARE!  
OPENING THE VAULT!

THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK...

THOSE COPS  
WERE  
EASY!

YEAH, ALL WE HAD  
TO DO WAS GIVE  
'EM A LITTLE  
SLEEPING GAS!

AND MUSCLES GOT  
THE FACE  
OUTTA THE WAY—

IMAGINE—THE FACE  
HANGIN' AROUND  
MUSCLES AN' THE  
REST OF THE GANG  
— WHILE WE  
ROB THE BANK!

AS THEY LEAVE—THEY DROP A REPLICA OF THE FACE'S  
RUBBEROID MASK!

THIS AIN'T THE REAL  
THING—BUT IT'LL  
FOOL THE COPPERS!

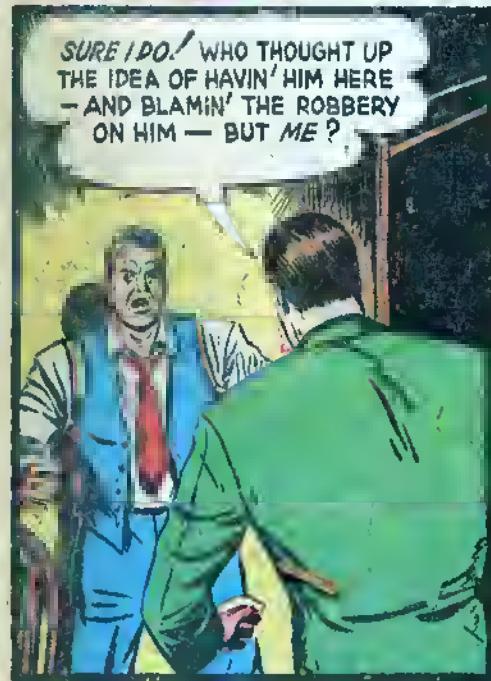
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!  
HAPPY HUNTING, I PRESUME?

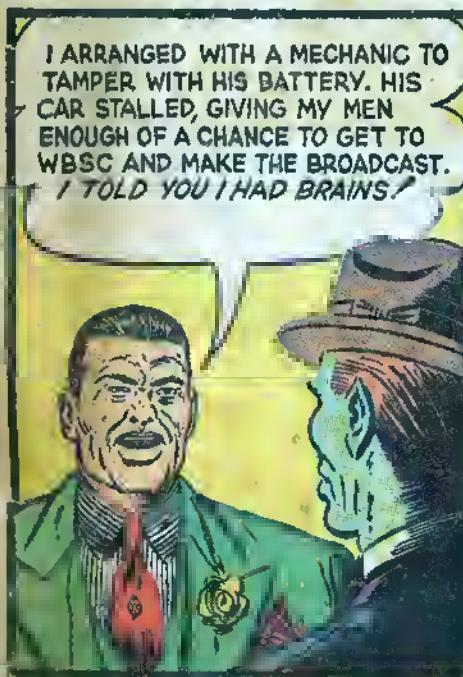
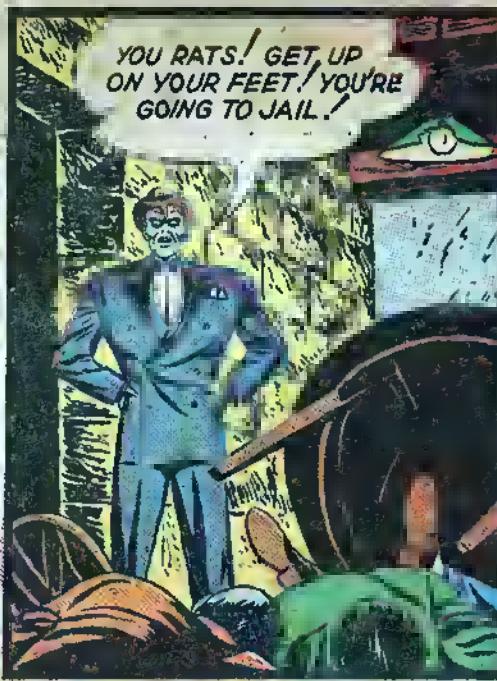
THE  
FACE!

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!  
AND I DON'T LIKE  
CROOKS WHO PLAY WITH  
MY REPUTATION!

AND YOU BOYS—BY TRYING  
TO HAVE ME BLAMED FOR  
THE ROBBERY—SURE  
TOOK LIBERTIES!

THIS IS A POOR DUPLICATE  
OF MY FACE—BUT IT  
MIGHT HAVE FOOLED THE  
COPS! NOW FOR MUSCLES!





# ODDITIES FROM HERE'N THERE

## SMOKING

STARTED AS A RELIGIOUS RITE AND GRADUALLY BECAME A SOCIAL HABIT AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS. SINCE ITS DISCOVERY BY COLUMBUS AND HIS SUCCESSORS TOBACCO IS CULTIVATED IN NEARLY EVERY COUNTRY AND IS USED BY EVERY RACE OF MAN!



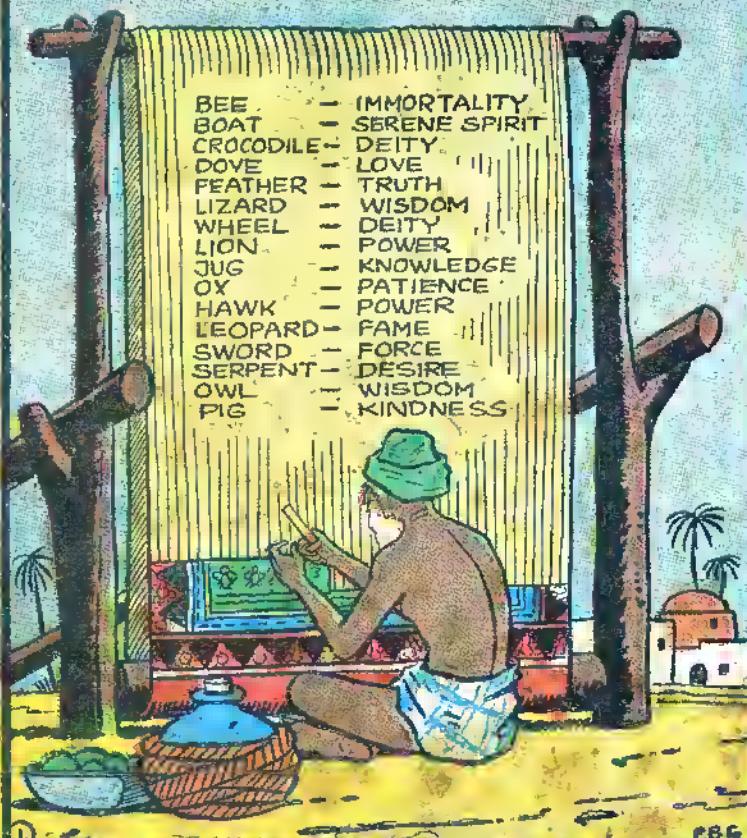
## LOBSTERS

ARE NATURALLY GREEN BUT TURN RED WHEN COOKED BECAUSE BOILING WATER MAKES A CHEMICAL CHANGE IN THE SHELL COLORING!

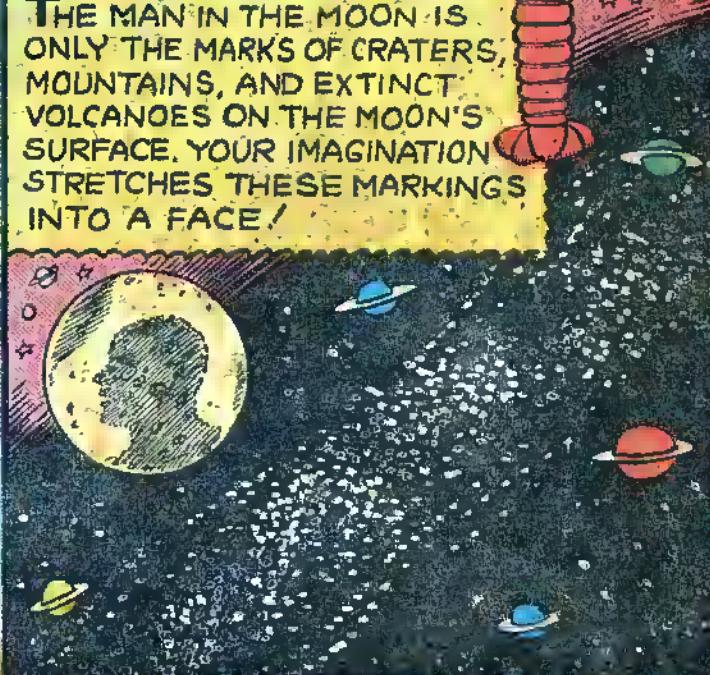


MANY OF THE DESIGNS IN AN ORIENTAL RUG TELL A STORY AND THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE MEANINGS OF THE SYMBOLS USED IN MANY RUGS!

BEE	- IMMORTALITY
BOAT	- SERENE SPIRIT
CROCODILE	- DEITY
DOVE	- LOVE
FEATHER	- TRUTH
LIZARD	- WISDOM
WHEEL	- DEITY
LION	- POWER
JUG	- KNOWLEDGE
OX	- PATIENCE
HAWK	- POWER
LEOPARD	- FAME
SWORD	- FORCE
SERPENT	- DESIRE
OWL	- WISDOM
PIG	- KINDNESS



THE MAN IN THE MOON IS ONLY THE MARKS OF CRATERS, MOUNTAINS, AND EXTINCT VOLCANOES ON THE MOON'S SURFACE. YOUR IMAGINATION STRETCHES THESE MARKINGS INTO A FACE!



THE "MILKY WAY" IS A LUMINOUS CIRCLE GOING COMPLETELY AROUND THE HEAVENS. IT IS PRODUCED BY MYRIADS OF STARS!

A BIG FULL COLOR PICTURE OF SKYMAN SUITABLE FOR FRAMING!

# The SKYMAN

## AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!



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